

SECRET



M A G A Z I N E
Issue N°23

Basic Training

Fetish fashion
by
Emma
inner sanctum
Torture Garden

Fetish Star
Emily Marilyn
Exclusive interview

Drawings by
Chris! of England
Matteo Cagnola

Domina Kyria
Exclusive interview

Rubber Rituals by DeMask

A Day of Extreme Pleasure

Mistress Ilsa Strix interview

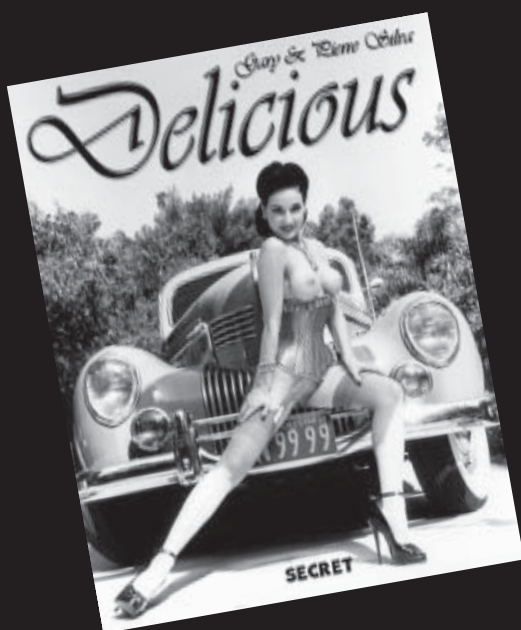
Art by André Lassen

Interview with
Fetish model Ingela

Suspension bondage
by Lew Rubens

Alien Museum and Bar
by HR. Giger

Photography by
Ken Marcus
Matt Lombard
Trevor Watson
Steve Diet Goedde
Christophe Mourthé
Christian Holzknecht



Delicious

Pictures by Pierre & Gary Silva

A brand new book with the most outrageous pictures from the USA fetish scene. A hardcover, perfectbound book where you can find images from the best dungeons, private parties, famous Mistress, star models like Dita & Emily Marilyn. A true landmark where the photographers show you the reality in a very glorious but dark way. Their work has been published in several other Anthologies and numerous expositions have been held in the USA and Europe.

See more of their art at www.silvaphoto.com

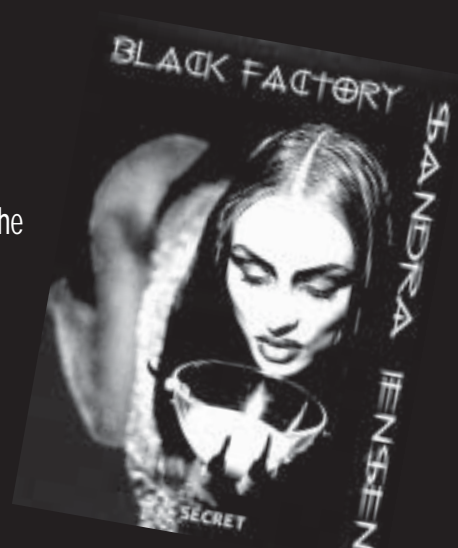
Limited 1000 hardcover book. Price: 35 euro/ 40us\$

Black Factory

Pictures by Sandra Jensen

Enter the bizarre world of this famous photographer from Oslo. Obsessed by the strange, the beautiful and the bizarre, she has gathered her best pictures, poems and drawings in this exceptional hardcover book. In striking black and white you will discover her underground world ranging from fashion, portraits, fetish, and much, much more... If you are a regular reader of SECRET you will have noticed several portfolios of this talented photographer. Limited 1000 hardcover book.

Price: 35euro/40us\$



PHOTOGRAPHIES

Pictures by Jean-Louis Delvalle

The artistic world of Delvalle is one of mild erotic photography with the focus on the pussy. Most are close-up shots of girls peeing, wet briefs, dripping and others are of wax play, tit torture, up the skirt shots, enema, hairy pussies and armpits, bondage, and much more.

Limited 1000 hardcover book. Available now!

Price: 35 euro/ 40us\$

Postage included.





Editorial

The

© Cover by Ken Marcus - model Emily Marilyn
September 2003

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**Contributors to this issue: and you, our readers, of course!
Thank you for your support! (if I forgot somebody, sorry
about that...)**

All letters, subscriptions, advertising rates and information:

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1000 Brussels 1
Belgium**

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All pictures, scripts can be returned if so asked for. We actually need contributions
for our next issues. All photographers need to send prints or CD-rom with *.tif /
Jpeg/ eps,...files on PC compatible disks.

Overseas dealers: Centurian (USA): 1.775.322.9238 - Last Gasp (USA):
1.415.824.6636 - Select Int. (Holland) 00.31.299.351657 - Kayzers (Australia)
61.2.9517.9299 - Wiwa (Germany): 49.221.253115 - Olympus Distribution - England

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mandated by 18 U.S. Code § 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent regulations, 28 CFR CH.1,
part 75 since all of such material falls within the definition of exempted material set forth in §
75.7 (a) (1-3) of the pertinent Regulations. Nonetheless, records required by such Act and
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Centre, Bloc 2, office 201, 1000 Brussels, Belgium, and is available for inspection and review by
the Attorney General at all reasonable times. All models are over 21 of age. (of course...)

News & INFO

by Jürgen Boedt



Two Women

with pictures by Christian Holzknacht. This is an excellent book, just look further in this magazine and you will see why! Holzknacht has the art to set up an atmosphere of an intimate sexual provocative situation between two women. Oh yes, you hardly get to see a man in this book, but don't let that bring you down, because there is plenty for all tastes. I loved the sharp contrast, the creative ideas and the fun. In the end, that's what it is all about, no? Having fun! Price 25 euro. Send your order to: www.holzknacht.at and mention SECRET.....

Madame Sang

Madame Sang, co-founder and Head Mistress of La Domaine Esemar (most recently covered in Secret #21), will be leaving La Domaine and moving to Albuquerque New Mexico, July, 2003. Madame Sang will be seeing couples and individuals throughout the southwest. If you are in the southwest, do not miss this opportunity to visit with one of the world's most skilled and enchanting Dominas. Be sure to see her new website at: www.madamesang.com or contact

Her at: asianatrix@planet-save.com. Don't forget to watch for the changes on the Esemar website as well: www.thedigitalvillage.com/LaDomaineEsemar/



Boston Fetish Fleamarket

This picture was taken at the Boston Fetish fleamarket and you can find more information on this internet address:

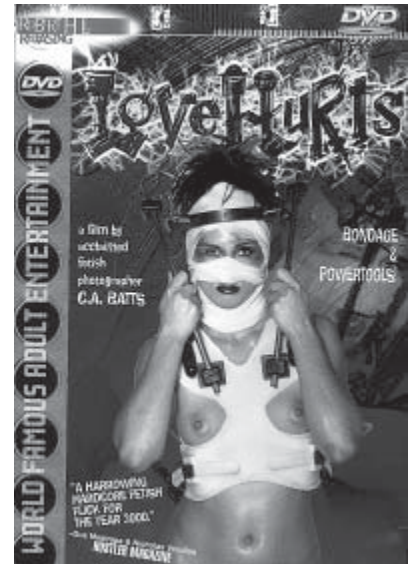
<http://www.nla-newengland.org/fff-info.html>

The next Boston Fetish Fair Fleamarket, run by the New England Leather Association, NELA, will be held on 19 July 2003 at the Park Plaza Castle in Boston, Massachusetts.

SKIN TWO Rubber Ball 2003

Starting on Friday 3rd October and

end on Monday 5th October 2003.
www.skintwo.com



Love Hurts & Girl Trouble

by Carlos Batts - Available from www.cbattsfly.net and www.wildskinonline.com. They are 50us\$ each or 75us\$ for two. Review will be in the next issue, but I can tell you now that it looks quite impressive and original...!





Fetish video's in SECRET

Why don't you get the reviews you see in other fetish magazines? Well, because we don't get them from the distributors or makers of the video's. We have to buy them ourselves, like the ones from Gwenmedia among others. We did get the latest DeMask DVD and video RUBBER RITUALS.



NU - Morbid Attitude

It's not the first time we mention this excellent Italian magazine. It has an eyecatching cover, has great erotic/

fetish images and it's in English too. It also features some excellent writing on Leone Frolo, bondage pictures by Kasuki Suzuki, Helmut Wolech, Riccardo Vezzosi and many others. Write them at this new address: NU, PO Box 278, 35100 Padova Centro, Italy.



DDI Europe

One of the only good magazines with only adds for European Mistresses. Content is classy, good information and layout. A good job well done by David Jackson and Bert Wibo....on sale at good fetish stores, like Boutique Minuit in Brussels (here we go again!) and also at SPI/DDI, P.O.Box 3315, 3003 AH Rotterdam, Holland. www.ddimag.com

Mistress Shane

Contact info address: Shane, P.O.Box 462 - 2000 Antwerpen 1 - Belgium
www.mistress-shane.com
MSSHANE@aol.com

Fetish Photo Anthology volume 4

After more than 2 years of scanning, layout and research I have finished the next FPA volume 4. It's almost 400 pages, perfect bound and it's the best ever. In it you will find the world's best Fetish Photographers who show you their latest (and best) work. You will also find the latest fetish books, artgallery's and the publishers in this business. Order it now as we will be

printing a limited amount of books. www.SecretMag.com or email to editor@secretmag.com or write to: SECRET - PO Box 1400 - 1000 Brussels 1 - Belgium.
 Price: 60 Euro/Us\$ (postage included)



Marquis issue 27

Why not admit it? They are the best fetish rubber magazine on this planet. Simple, no? The news are actual and intriguing, the girls shine like their rubber catsuits, the story's are hot, they cover the party scene... everything is there! Next to SECRET this is my favourit. Send your order to: Marquis, Flensburgerstrasse 5, 42655 Solingen, Germany.



THE CLINIC party's

MARCH	8th	2003
JUNE	14th	2003
SEPTEMBER	13th	2003
DECEMBER	13th	2003

Location: The Force
Oranje Vrijstraatkade 21
Amsterdam (oost)
Doors open: 22.00 till late...

Presale tickets for the next clinic Euro 30,-

Madame Sang to leave La Domaine Esemar!

La Domaine Esemar, the oldest S/m training chateau in the United States, is saddened to announce the departure of Madame Sang, the Head Mistress, and co-founder of La Domaine. Madame Sang will be pursuing contemplative studies in the US southwest. Madame's contributions to Esemar, and to the S/m world, will long be remembered and appreciated. Madame Sang's last day at La Domaine will be June 30, 2003.

Master R, Madame Sang's partner since the beginning ten years ago, will continue to run La Domaine Esemar. An international search is now being conducted to attempt to find a Domina to fill Madame Sang's huge, yet stunningly petite, shoes. Domina Raven, a former La Domaine Esemar Mistress in Training, and now a brilliant young Mediterranean Mistress, will be taking Madame Sang's place as Head Mistress until the replacement search is completed. The Domina who becomes the second Head Mistress at La Domaine will need to have tremendous skills in session work with individual men and women clients, as well as an ability to work with couples. Esemar is known throughout the world as the place to bring unique fetishes, for their successful realization, therefore the Domina must be extremely open minded and willing to explore the most unusual desires. La Domaine has a full staff of house and personal slaves, whose training and governance will be a part of the Head Mistress's shared responsibilities. She will have an opportunity to co-run, with an extremely experienced partner, a functioning S/m chateau, with overnight and long-term guests, intimate parties, fine dining, training and counseling services, and a personal acolyte program. To find out

more, please contact Master R at 518-781-6209, 10-7 est, m-f. write to: M.R., PO Box 262, Chatham, NY, 12037, 0262, or email Esemarsearch@aol.com.

MistressKittin.com

Time for your checkup!
www.Smokemistress.com



GO Stick it

These are super high quality stickers, magnets & tattoos from the pinup artist Armando Huerta. Get more info from XXX-treme, 3337 S. Bristol, #318, Santa Ana, CA 92704, USA erotica@xxxtremestickers.com www.gostickit.com



LEGWORLD

The alternative fetish magazine or the

lovers of stockings, eet and high heels have changed of editor but keep bringing us a high quality magazine with all the hot horny pictures we like to see. Dita, who I met personally in Paris at a Christophe Mourthé's shooting, is featured on the cover. She is as charming as she is discreet. When I asked Dita where she would take it from here, she aswerred that she allready achieved all her goals she had set or 2003 and now is thinking of doing some cinema, but not as a scizophrenie doll because that is the scripts she is receiving or the moment. Probably her boyfriend Marilyn can her help her in this...? LEGWORLD is available from good fetish bookstores and all USA newsstand.

CRAZY SEXY HOLLYWOOD

Art Show to Open at Start Soma on October 3rd FRIDAY

In conjunction with the release of his book of the same name, celebrated photographer Carlos Batts is pleased to present the exhibit CRAZY SEXY HOLLYWOOD. The show brings together six of Los Angeles' finest contemporary photographers in a collection curated by Carlos himself. Patrick Hoelck, Estevan Oriol, Rick Castro, Dave Naz, Steve Diet Goedde and Carlos present a total of fifty works that pay tribute to the looks, attitudes, glamour and grittiness that make Hollywood what it is. Hardly a photojournalistic journey, CRAZY SEXY HOLLYWOOD looks beyond the landmarks and celebrities, to the patchwork of souls, personas and styles that make this unique city what it is.

CRAZY SEXY HOLLYWOOD

opens at the Start Soma gallery (www.startsoma.com) in San Francisco, CA. on October 3, 2003 and will continue to tour the United States, visiting TBA cities.

Carlos Batts - www.cbattsfly.net

Serving as both curator and artist for the CRAZY SEXY HOLLYWOOD exhibit, Carlos Batts' book of the same name is to be released in conjunction with show's opening. Batts' captivating, often erotic, and sometimes mysterious works have appeared in magazines including Vibe, Maxim and Hustler.

Rick

Castro

-

www.rickcastro.com

Rick Castro's arresting work was brought to the fore in 1991 with the release of the monograph book titled CASTRO. In addition to his black and white photographs of men in bondage, Castro is known for having directed the cult classic film Hustler White.

Steve Diet Goedde**www.stevedgd.com**

Renowned for his striking color and black and white images of women in fetish attire, Steven Diet Goedde is responsible for two books, The Beauty of Fetish Volumes I & II, and featured in eleven others. His photographs have graced the covers of numerous magazines.

Patrick Hoelck**www.racermidia.com**

Patrick Hoelck's intense and revealing portraits have been exposed on the pages of magazines including Rolling Stone, Flaunt and Blender. He has directed numerous music videos and shot CD covers for a diverse group of bands.

Dave Naz - www.davenaz.com

Dave Naz's erotic images of women in various states of dress have been brought to the public's attention by two monograph books, Panties and Lust Circus. His work has also been featured in numerous magazines and art exhibits around the country.

Estevan Oriol**www.estevanoriol.com**

Estevan Oriol's career as a photographer started when he began recording his outrageous experiences on the road as House of Pain's tour manager. He soon became one of the most sought after photographers in the hip-hop community, with works featured in Rolling Stone, The Source, Details and Vibe.

**Video & DVD: The Fashionistas**

This video won most of the prizes in Las Vegas. It's an ambitious hardcore SM movie with excellent shooting, acting and fetish costuming. Special credit to Belladonna, who is incredible as the masochistic Jessie. info at: www.harmonyxxx.com - more in next issue!

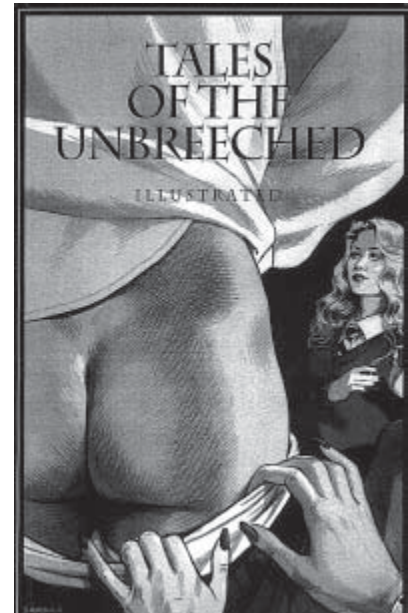
**DDI usa & Europe**

These two editions have decided to reunite and publish only one edition worldwide. You now have a huge 196 pages of worldwide mistresses. Price: 19.95 us\$. More info on: www.DDIimg.com

**UNDERWORLD**

I've seen the Underworld film trailer

and I am electrified. Get films like The Crow, Matrix and Blade all together in one movie, shake it well, not stirred, get the main actors to be dressed in latex outfits and what do you get? Underworld, a world of vampires, blood, lovestory and action...Out soon.... more info on www.sonypictures.com

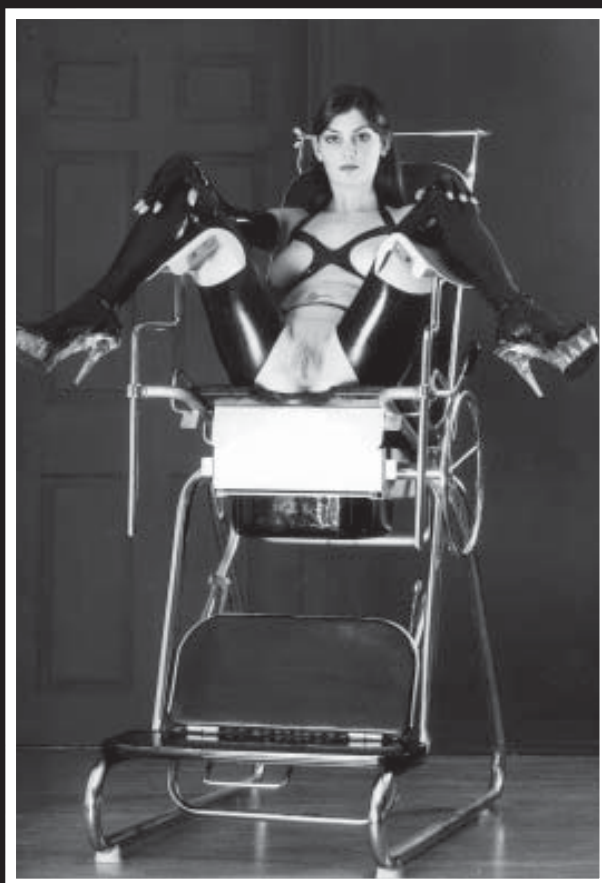
**Tales of the Unbreached**

An excellent dissertation on the art of preparing a culprit for chastisement, with particular reference to the adjustment of the lower clothing and related matters. To say it simple, how to give a good "déculottage" and spanking in the old fashion way. More info at: AKS books, P.O.Box 12, Hastings, East Sussex, England

**The Cellar**

One of Belgium's top dungeons.
www.thecellar.be
phone: 32.3.232.02.55





TREVOR WATSON - KINK





KINK!

It seems that Trevor Watson is the most demanded fetish photographer around these last few years. We are getting books from all around the world with pictures from him.

Just hope this doesn't overkill it all!!

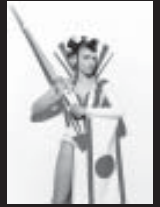
(KINK) published by EPS is an beautifully produced, excellently printed with some of his best pictures, plus some new stuff.

Those who have allready most of Trevor Watson's work, there will be double features, but I can highly recommend this new book. Here you can see some of the pictures I liked most, but there are many more feverish and dazzling pictures.

EPS, 1 Maddox Street, London, W1S 2PZ, England. Price: 19.95£



Torture Garden





Kaisu Collection



Famous fetish party organizers launch their latex collection, created by the late Kaisu Paakkola, who died suddenly just 2 weeks before the range was launched in public. This is a tribute to her

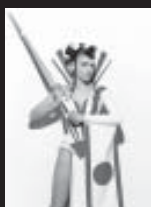
talent and hard work.

This collection is an extension of Kaisu's vision of the fetish world. She previously worked for Skin Two, where I met her a couple of times and for House of Harlot. As you can see from the pictures on this page, fun, fashion and style are key elements here, like it should be in fetish fashion. It is also unique.

More information:
www.torturegarden.com

The 20 page full colour is available for 4£ from
TG Promotions
London WC1N 3XX
England.

Mention SECRET.....





EMMA

Emma is a fetish wear designer, photographer / multimedia artist and makes her rubber garments for pleasure. She is looking to be better introduced to the fetish scene and perfection her talents as a model and fetish designer. Contact her at: EmmaMDD@aol.com



Steve Diet Goedde Photography



For years, people have always requested my work in larger size. Up until now, all I could offer them were prints no larger than 16x20 inches. Those were original prints and therefore very expensive. Since I don't have a new book coming out this year, I decided it was a good time to finally produce these inexpensive large size posters. I've always kept notes on which images were the most requested images. It came down to these four. There are definitely more favorites, but I will wait to release those once I see how well this series does. One of the main considerations of having posters made was to have them tonally correct in comparison to the original prints. Although they are black and white images, the posters were printed using a four-color process in order to faithfully recreate the full tonal range of the originals. The posters are printed on acid-free paper with a protective UV coating which actually gives them a nice soft gloss.

The posters measure 24x30 inches. When considering their size, I wanted to make them so that people could afford to have them framed.

In the US, frame shops have ready-made frames that will fit that size. No custom framing necessary!

The posters are \$29.95 each (\$34.95 signed). In the US, add \$10 shipping for any quantity. If you are outside of the US, please email me directly for international shipping costs (costs vary per country).

The magnets are \$3.95 each. In the US, add \$4.50 shipping for any quantity. If you are outside of the US, please email me directly for international shipping costs (costs vary per country).

www.stevedg.com
steve@stedeg.com



www.boundndetermined.com

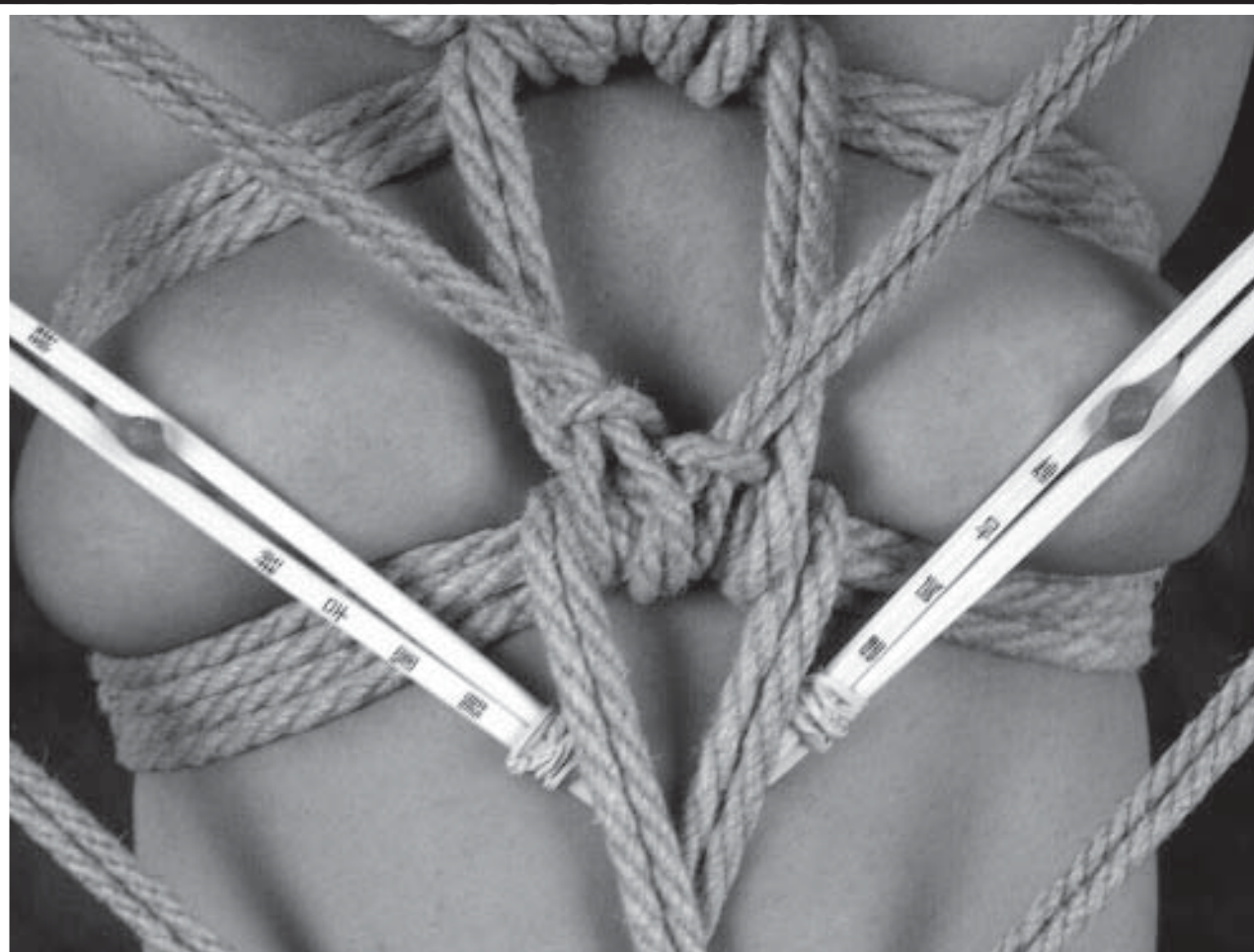
www.boundndetermined.com



Hi, my name is Lew Rubens. I have been a bondage freak as long as I can remember. (Sounds like bondageaholics anonymous) Everywhere I lived growing up, some kid in the neighborhood was getting tied up. (Consensually of course) As I grew up, my bondage interests turned to the lovers in my life. I was lucky enough to have had many wonderful, open-minded women with whom I could practice "my passion." Then less than two years ago I hooked up my first computer and discovered a whole world of kinky people. Shortly thereafter I decided to take my "kid in the candy store" attitude with me and try to make my bondage dreams come true. I won a bondage



www.boundndetermined.com



contest at a local bdsm event and began showing my "Art" in bdsm clubs. Encouraged by enthusiastic fans, I began BOUNDNDETERMINED in the spring of 2002, along with my main model, web mistress and girlfriend, Maria Shades. (without whom none of this would have been possible.) Since then many dreams HAVE come true. I have been a part of many bdsm and bondage industry related events. I have tied up pretty girls from coast to coast in the US and am having the time of my life. I am devoting full time now to "The Art of Bondage" and plan on releasing videos soon as well as traveling the country (hopefully the world!) performing demos and workshops.

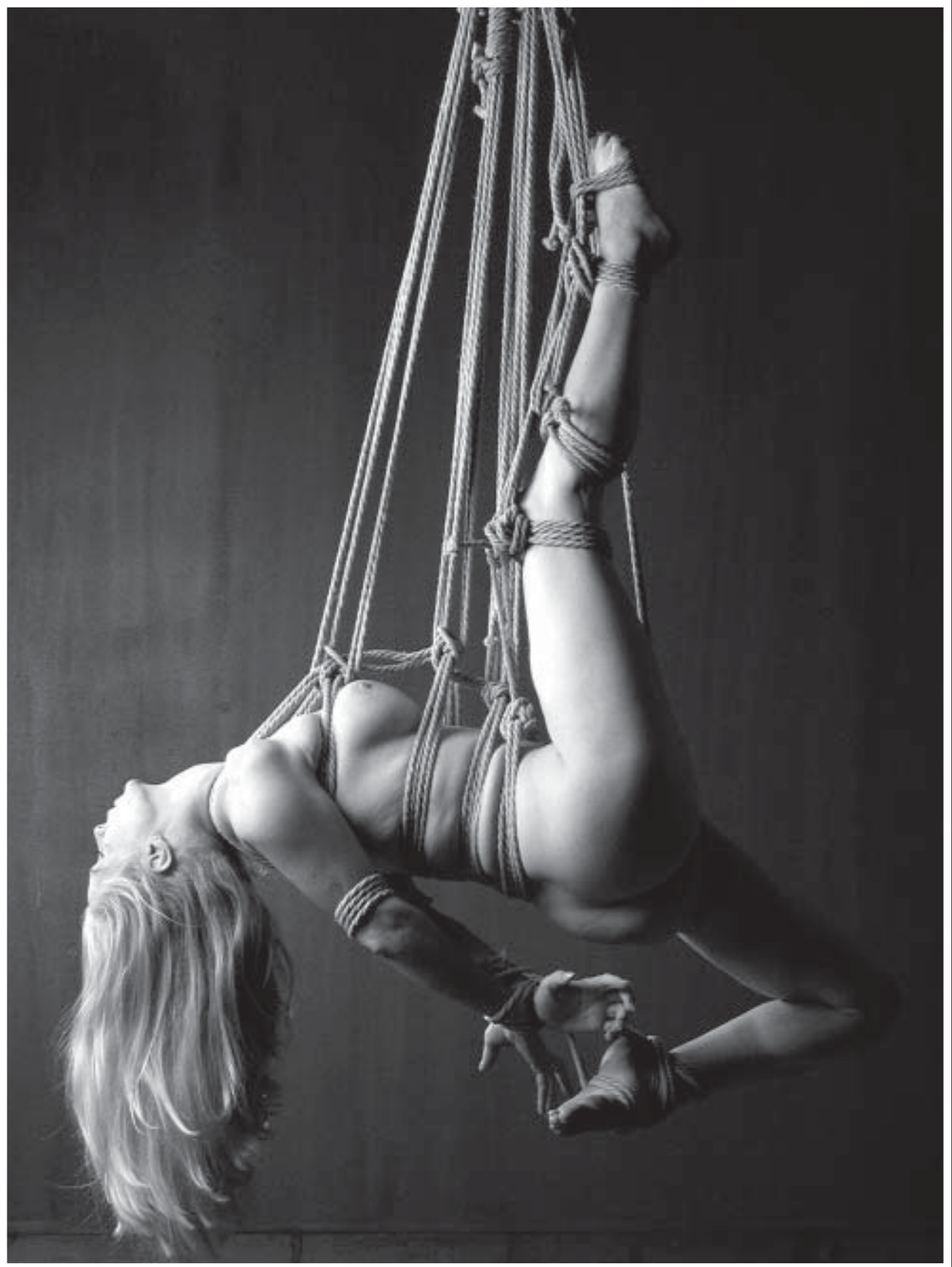
I never had a choice as far as my kink is concerned. And I had a lot of tough years because of the injustices associated with it. Now I believe there truly IS a Bondage God and he is evening up the score. I feel like a very lucky man and want to someday be able to give back to the community that is helping me and others like me. No one should have to live in a closet because of a kink that they have no choice in. I want to tell my story someday to show people out there that most bdsm folks are good people too and not the serial killers and rapists we are portrayed to be. Wish me luck! With your help and the help of the Bondage Gods we'll make this a better (and kinkier) world.

Do you think they would let me tie someone to the Eiffel Tower? Hmmm..... ha ha ha ha

Lew Rubens

<http://www.boundndetermined.com>

www.boundndetermined.com



Bondage, consensually enhancing and sexual arousal.

Why? One of the most basic questions regarding erotic bondage is "why should anyone want to do it in the first place?" After all, the very idea of tying up your partner as part of your sex life, or of having them tie you up, can seem pretty weird, and even dangerous, to a large number of people - possibly even to the majority of people. So why should we want to do it?

This is not the place to go into a detailed analysis of the psychology of bondage, or to discuss the role of parts of the human brain such as the limbic system, so let us simply note in passing that there is no reason to believe that such urges are necessarily, or even usually, pathological. Legions of people who are quite mentally healthy want to engage in bondage or some other aspect of SM in one way or another.

Let us also note that there can be a distinct element of aggression and submission associated with a great deal of healthy sexual desire and healthy sexual behaviour. Even the most "vanilla" person may sometimes say something to their spouse like "I'm going to fuck your brains out" or "take me." A great deal of sadomasochism in general, and of bondage in particular, is associated with consensually enhancing and enjoying the aggressive and submissive feelings that often accompany sexual arousal. The submissive aspect of sexuality often involves assuming a state of being that may be described with words like receptiveness, openness, submitting, passivity, bottoming, surrender, letting go of control, "bottom space," and vulnerability. (Within the S M community, the nuances of such terms can be, and are, debated at great length. Please let me make it clear, particularly to the 'SM purists' reading this, that I'm using terms such as 'submissive' in a very generalised, generic way.)

So, to put it another way, what is the purpose of erotic bondage? Erotic bondage can be done for a number of purposes, either separately or in combination. Some of the more common purposes for putting a consenting partner in bondage include bondage for vulnerability, bondage for decoration, and bondage for sensation.

Bondage for vulnerability. Probably the most common reason that bondage is applied to a consenting partner is to restrict in one way or another, their ability to move. This

is significant because if a person's ability to move is limited, then their ability to run away, fight off their "attacker," cover vulnerable parts of their body, and so forth is also limited. In short, they are more vulnerable when they are bound than they are when they are not bound.

One could identify sub-aspects of bondage done to increase vulnerability. For example, one could think of 'bondage for control,' "bondage for immobilisation," and "bondage for exposure."

In the first example, that of bondage for control, the bottom might be simply bound with their hands behind their back, but nothing more. This type of bondage is very similar to the bondage that police officers put suspects in upon arresting them.



In bondage for control, the bottom's ability to "fight off their attacker" is lessened and their ability to run away is hampered (and their body may be somewhat exposed). Thus, although the bottom may still be able to move about fairly freely, and to assume a large number of positions, the top can still control their movements relatively easily. (Of course, if the bottom is significantly larger and/ or stronger than the top, the bondage will have to be more extensive. Exactly how much bondage it is necessary for the top to apply in order to accomplish this control can take some planning - and can be a fun game for the top and the bottom to play.)

In an example of bondage for immobilisation, the bottom might be tied nude in a face-up, spread-eagled position on a bed. In this position, their ability to fight anybody off is very greatly lessened. Their ability to run away is essentially eliminated, and the entire front half of their body is exposed. (If the bottom is a woman, the fact that her legs are tied apart and that she is unable to close them may have a particularly strong emotional impact.) One somewhat unusual example of bondage for immobilisation is what can be thought of as 'tether bondage.' In an example of such bondage, the person might be chained by one ankle to something relatively immobile such as a bed. Within the limits of their tether, the person has almost complete freedom of movement but they must stay within its limits. (In practice, such tethers are often long enough to reach places like the nearest bathroom.)



In bondage for exposure, the bottom is often tied in such a way that either as much of their body as possible, or a part of their body in particular, is held in place and especially revealed and accessible to the top. The body parts involved are frequently their breasts, genitals, or buttocks.

Bondage for decoration. Bondage is sometimes done mostly for its decorative effect, often in a way that signals a kind of availability for and/or "vulnerability" to sex. (I put vulnerable in quotes here because it is frequently the case that the person in question is quite heartily consenting to sex. If you're not sure, ask.) In such a case, rope or other materials may be applied to the bound person's body in such a way as to call attention to their breasts, genitals, or some other part of them. People may wear "rope dresses," "body harnesses," and similar arrangements that may do so little to actually limit their mobility that they could run a



marathon while wearing them. Still, such outfits can look very hot.

There is a type of bondage-for-decoration that can be thought of as "symbolic" bondage. In this type of bondage, the bound person's ability to move is often not limited to any significant degree - and sometimes not at all. Rather, in such cases it is more typical that the bondage signals that the person wearing it is in a state of servitude or submission, usually to a specific person. One typical example of symbolic bondage would be of one person to have their hands linked together in front of them with a very wide length of chain or rope. In such bondage, the person could do almost everything (including participate almost normally in sex) but it would be a symbol of their state.

One specific type of symbolic bondage is the applying of some sort of bondage to a special part of the bottom's body to indicate that the body part in question is "owned" by someone else. For example, a man who is in a submissive relationship to another person, male or female, might agree to wear a short chain that has been locked around his genitals (and he does not have a key to this lock) in order to symbolise that his genitals are "owned" by someone that he might refer to as his Master or his Mistress. Obviously, this person has to do a bit 'of special planning when he is scheduled to do things like walk through an airport metal detector.

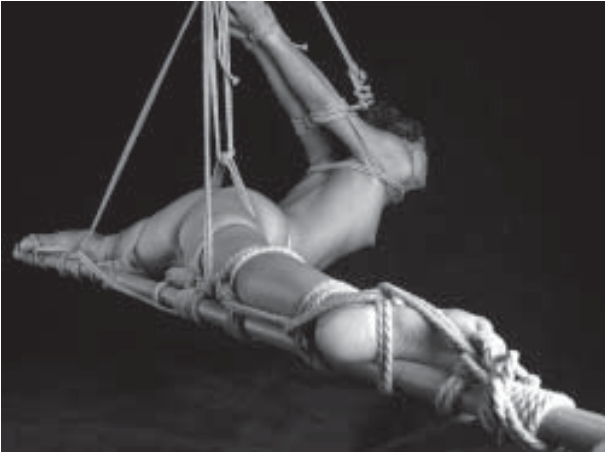
Probably the most common 'symbolic bondage' within the SM community is the collar. While the meaning of a collar can vary widely - from meaningless fashion accessory to a symbol of a relationship as deep and committed as any marriage - in practice it is very common for a person who is in some type of submissive relationship to another person to wear that person's collar. Thus, if



you meet someone at an SM-type event and they are wearing a collar around their neck, do not be surprised if you learn that there is someone in their life that they refer to as their Master, their Mistress, their Owner, or by some similar term.

Another type of symbolic bondage is a length of relatively thin "body chain" jewellery worn around the person's waist. While there is no intrinsic meaning to wearing such a chain (sometimes jewellery is just jewelry) such a chain can sometimes have a symbolic meaning identical to that associated with wearing a collar.

Bondage for sensation. Bondage may be applied to the bottom's body for the sensations that such bondage



creates. Typically this is done in either a specific location or in a more generalised way.

Examples of bondage applied to a specific location for sensation enhancement would be bondage applied to the bottom's breasts or genitals. Breast and genitals, especially male genitals, that have been bound can become swollen and more sensitive to being touched.

Bondage applied in a more general way for the sensation it creates may have a more overall effect. For example, it's very common for bottoms to report that ropes wrapped entirely around their body, perhaps particularly ropes that have been wrapped several times around their upper torso, have a kind of calming effect. This calming effect is frequently compared to the calming effect that applying swaddling clothes has on infants.

While the details are beyond the scope of this book, let me note that bondage which covers almost as much of the bottom's body as it is possible to cover - a technique sometimes called 'mummification bondage' - is frequently associated with the bottom's entering into altered states of consciousness. Altered states of consciousness also sometimes occur if a bottom wears a hood that covers the entire head except for a few breathing holes.



Who? One of the very first questions that comes up regarding bondage is 'Who should I let tie me up?' Obviously, this is a critically important question. A bound person can be reduced to an infant-like level of helplessness and vulnerability. It's only reasonable that you should consider very carefully to whom you should make yourself this vulnerable.

There is a way of thinking about this issue that I have found useful. I call it the "NTA Test." Long before there is any chance that you might let this person tie you up, ask yourself how you would feel about being "naked, tied up, and alone" with this person. Indeed, it can be a useful question about how you feel about them in general.

Another useful approach is what I call the "ninety, nine, and one" rule. It's useful to assume that, out of one hundred people, ninety of them will be basically safe enough to let yourself be tied up by. They may not know much in the way of technique, and they may have some unrealistic ideas of what is and what is not involved, but those short comings can be remedied by having them acquire adequate basic education. Once they've been educated, they are basically safe to play with.

The remaining ten people are emotionally unsuited for the role of either binder or bindee. For a number of reasons, they are simply not emotionally stable enough to do this, particularly in the role of binder.

Of those ten people, there is one ~ one person out of your original group of one hundred - who is genuinely dangerous, and capable of treating you with real malice if they get you in a vulnerable position. Indeed, if you find yourself naked, tied up, and alone with this person, you could be at very real risk of being slowly, agonisingly tortured to death. (Fortunately, accountability has a way of strongly deterring these people. If you make a point of never compromising on matters such as setting up a silent alarm - to be described later in this chapter - they will probably, rather quickly, decide that they want nothing to do with you.)

So, given the above, how do you determine which of the three groups your prospective bondage partner belongs to?

The basic answer: give it time.

As a good, overall, basic rule, you should only let yourself be tied up by people that you know well and are on good terms with. Letting yourself be tied up by strangers or by people with whom you are having interpersonal difficulties - even if you have known them for a long time - can be asking for serious trouble.

Jay Wiseman

This text was pulled from the excellent
book written by
Jay Wiseman
Erotic Bondage Handbook

Order your copy from
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A Daring Architectural Work by the Swiss Artist H.R. Giger

In the Belly of the Beast

Javier de Pisón

Photo: © 2003 Marc Adrian Villas / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.



01. BAR CEILING

The womb-like interior of the otherworldly environment that is the **H.R. Giger Museum Bar** is a cavernous, skeletal structure covered by double arches of vertebrae that crisscross the vaulted ceiling of an ancient castle. The acute perceptual sensation of being in this extraordinary setting recalls the Biblical tale of Jonah and the whale, lending the feel of being in the belly of a fossilized, prehistoric creature. But the “Harkonnen” chairs, with their spinal cord backs topped by pelvis bones, and the floor plates engraved with strange hieroglyphs, all suggest that somehow you have been transported into the remains of a mutated, future civilization.

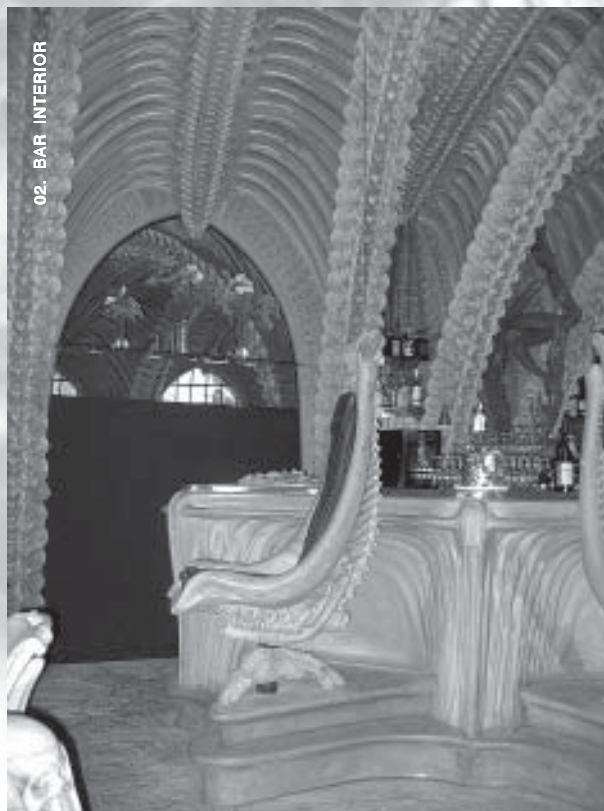
The bar, as well as the museum which houses this unique architectural installation, is the unmistakable work the Swiss Surrealist **H.R. Giger**. Known for his Oscar-winning

Photo: © 2003 Javier Mz. de Pison / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.



03. HARKONNEN BOOTHS

designs for Ridley Scott's classic “Alien” film (1980), Giger has left behind his airbrush paintings of the 70's and 80's to create a series of three-dimensional spaces in which his aesthetic views, literally, come to life. If in his paintings he has vividly illustrated the genesis of what he sees as the next steps in the evolution of mankind - the symbiosis of man and machine into new forms of beings - in his new sculptural and architectural works he makes you part of them.



02. BAR INTERIOR

Photo: © 2003 Wolfgang Holz / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com

The artist renovated a 400 year old, four-story medieval chateau high atop a hill in the picturesque Swiss town of **Gruyères** to build his museum, a labyrinthine structure with two meter-thick walls that is now home to the most comprehensive permanent display of Giger's artwork, spanning his 40 year career.

With its bone-colored furniture and awe inspiring interior design, the wing of the castle that houses the Museum Bar has a truly organic feel. The cast concrete surfaces of the bar furnishings have been polished to the point that they are skin soft to the touch, enhancing the impression of being inside a once living creature, of sitting on something, perhaps less than alive, but very warm and enveloping just the same. Giger used a rock-like synthetic material to cast all the bar elements in order to preserve the atmosphere of this ancient chateau, which is a landmark historic monument.

"At the beginning of the project," explains Giger in his private apartment at the museum, "I was fascinated with concrete, because I felt that an antique building such as this needed stone, aged stone, so I used a mixture of cement and fiberglass to achieve a rock gray color for

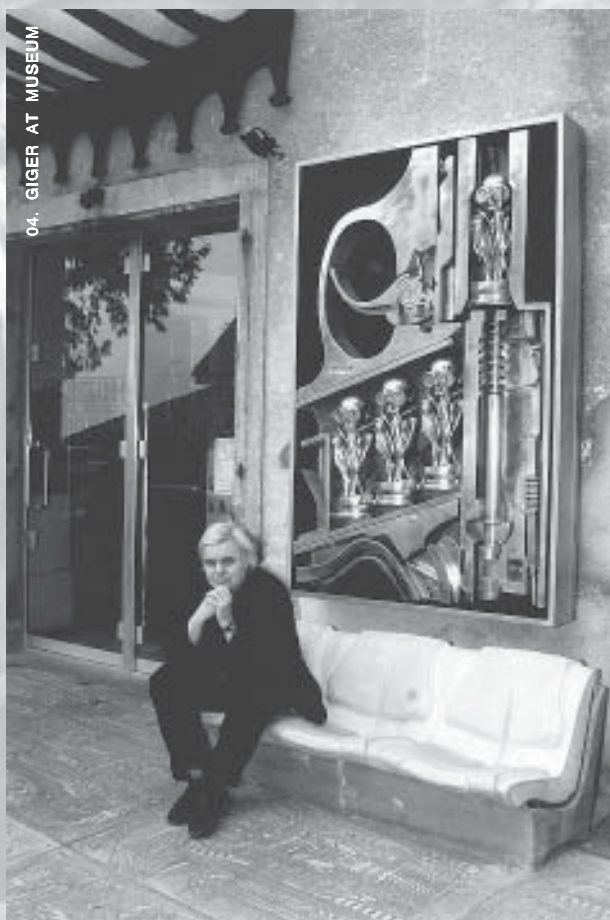


Photo: © 2002 Louis Stalder / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

most of the interior elements. But it didn't work when we tried to use it for the ceiling because the cast arches weighed too much."

The Museum Bar, which took four years to complete, opened its doors with a ribbon cutting ceremony on April 12th, 2003, to a select group of invited friends, artists, collectors, coworkers, and members of the media. Guests began arriving to the long anticipated event the day before, taking the opportunity to tour the museum before hand and to avail themselves to the rare privilege of sharing a private moment with the usually reclusive artist, who was still making last minute adjustments to the lighting of the new bar.



Photo: © HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

The next morning, the population of the small village of 300 inhabitants, literally doubled in a matter of hours, with the arrival of devotees from countries near and far, from Austria, Germany, Italy, France, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Chile, Israel, and the United States. The schedule of events for the day included another opening in the H.R. Giger Museum Gallery for the Swiss artist Martin Schwarz, the on-site printing of two limited edition prints, speeches and dedications, the day ending with a special dinner, followed by nighttime projections of Giger's artwork on the façade of the museum.

Surrounded by intimates, the artist stated proudly, "I built much more of this bar with my own hands than any of the other ones I had designed, previously," referring to the now closed Giger Bar in Tokyo, and the very much open one in the city of his birth, Chur, Switzerland.

"This time it is exactly as Giger had envisioned it," adds **Leslie Barany**, Giger's close friend and agent. "This third Giger Bar is the prototype. Its modular design lends itself best to being recreated in suitable spaces in other

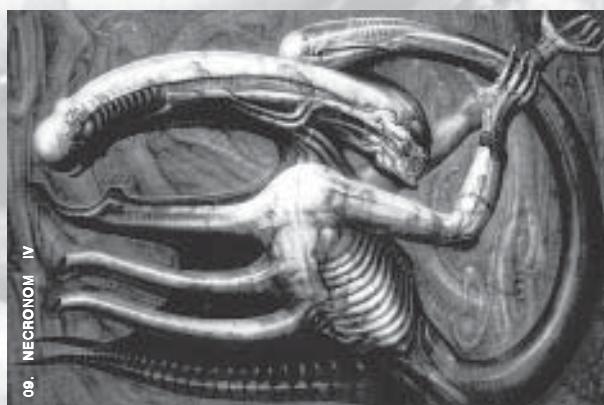


Photo: © HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

cities and, hopefully, other countries. All the molds are being preserved so the next time Giger can concentrate on designing whatever new additions may be required, or inspired, by a new space. Once we have figured out what this all cost, we will be ready to talk with whoever may be interested.

"The idea for the museum," explains its director, Carmen Scheifele, "originated with a large exhibition of Giger's work in the upper castle of Gruyères, commemorating his 50th birthday. Giger discovered that this little town received a million visitors a year who come here for the year-around postcard look of the surrounding snow peaked mountains, and the region's green valleys, rivers and lakes."

Following in the tradition of artists such as Salvador Dalí, who created his own museum in Spain, the Giger Museum is a work of art in itself, a large-scale permanent installation of separate environments, an ever evolving project on which the artist has been working for more than ten years.

"I am aware it is unusual for an artist to open his own museum," says Giger. "My reasons for that decision were practical. First of all, there is a continuous demand by collectors and admirers of my art to see the original creations on display. Galleries and museums could only exhibit some of my art for a couple of months a year. Most of the time the majority of my paintings sat in storage all year around. And now that my art is on permanent display, I can control their environment and ensure that the rooms and surroundings are suitable."

Since it opened in 1998, the H.R. Giger Museum has nearly doubled in size. The top floor now houses the artist's own private art collection, which includes over 600 works by Salvador Dalí, Ernest Fuchs, Dado, Bruno Weber, Günter Brus, Claude Sandoz, Francois Burland, Friedrich Kuhn, Joe Coleman, Sybille Ruppert, André Lassen, and David Hochbaum, among many others.



Photo: © HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

Four exhibition rooms in the adjoining wing of the building house the Museum Gallery, where on a rotating basis, Giger curates one-man shows for artists in his collection. At the moment, the gallery is exhibiting Martin Schwarz's "Amongst The Living," a series of three-dimensional book objects, montages, and collaborative paintings with Giger, which will be on view till September 2003.

As part of the museum, which now includes the new bar, Scheifele says they will soon open a screening room for films. And Giger's participation, as production designer in the upcoming Swiss movie "Gloria," to be helmed by the

young Swiss director Marco Lutz with an ensemble cast of German, Swiss and Austrian stars, will also bring more attention to the existence of this extraordinary place.

The museum also houses Giger's film design work for "Alien," "Poltergeist 2," "Alien 3" and "Species." "Films fascinate me," Giger once said, "because I believe they have surpassed painting as a way of communication." The mythological proportion and cult following of the "Alien" movies, whose creature is based on his paintings, "Necronom IV" and "Necronom V," both created two years

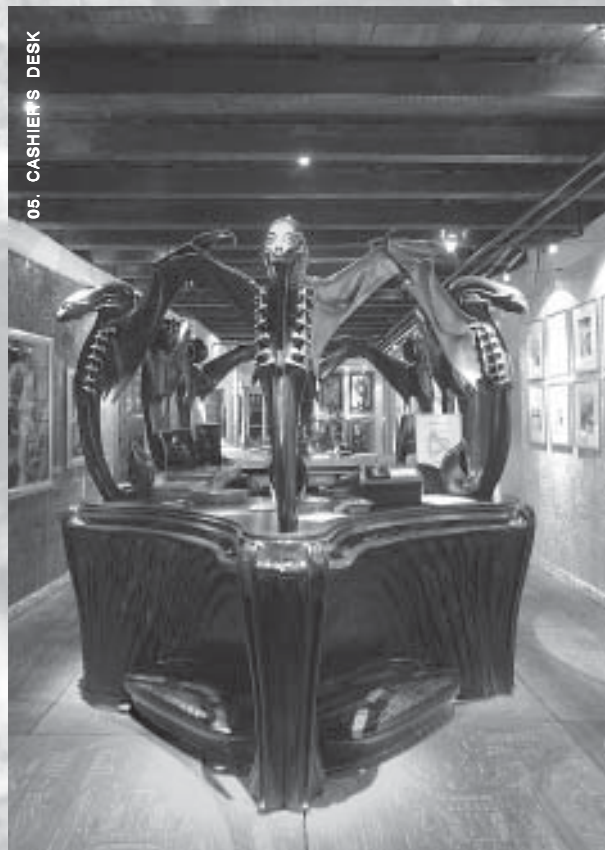


Photo: © 2002 Louis Staider / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

before Ridley Scott had stumbled upon them, are due in great part to his powerful designs.

"He's been discussing doing some more work in films," says Scheifele, adding that for a long time Giger didn't want to have very much to do with Hollywood, after a series of problems, among them the lack of proper credits in the subsequent "Alien" series.

The years of arduous work involved in renovating Chateau St. Germain, the castle that houses his museum, have not diminished Giger's perseverance, nor his meticulous eye for detail. A good example of this is the intricate bronze banister flanking the stone steps leading up to the entrance of the museum, cast in the shape of the "Alien" creature's tail.

From the start of his artistic career, Giger has confronted the traditional ambivalence of man towards the scientific advances that can alter the nature of the human body. This issue has now acquired a new urgency and prompted moral and philosophical debates by recent experiments in genetic engineering, such as the possibility of cloning human beings. The detailed depiction of his



Photo: © 2002 Louis Stalder / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

"Biomechanoid" beings in his classic, translucent airbrush works originated in the late 1960's. But in his latest sculptures and installations these new beings, which according to Giger represent our future, have acquired a new, eerie physical form.

Etienne Chatton, founder of the International Center of Fantastic Art, considers Giger the most important artist alive today for his premonitory works. "He is the only artist who has seen the dangerous allure of genetically modified beings, and has linked it to our underlying fears", says Chatton. "Giger's Biomechanoids were conceived well before today's scientific advances."

Another recurring theme in Giger's oeuvre is his concern with overpopulation, a threat to overcome in order to insure the survival of mankind. His now classic painting "Birth Machine" (1967) depicts the cutaway of a pistol in which the bullets are crouching mechanical-looking babies. Giger has recently recreated "Birth Machine" as a two-meter metal sculpture that greets visitors at the entrance of the Giger Museum. Another "Birth Machine Baby," a "detail" from the larger sculpture, stands guard several feet away, and much like the royal guards in front of Buckingham Palace, poses with visitors all day.

As an artist, Giger is responsible for single-handedly creating an astonishing and original new aesthetic universe, one that provokes profound questions regarding the future of mankind. His intellectual concerns are matched only by the impact of his highly original works, his constant experimentation with different media, and an ever more polished execution. Through his artwork, he

has dared us to meditate upon the next steps in the biological evolution of our species. If Giger's work is disturbing, it's because from his visionary vantage point he forewarns us of the inherent dangers of our own, approaching mutations, which, as he describes them, are not a very pretty sight. Few as him have dared to explore the depths of their utmost hidden fears. As he once summed it up, *"I only paint what frightens me."*

EDITOR'S NOTE: For more information about the art of H.R. Giger, visit www.HRGigerMuseum.com. Direct all inquiries regarding purchases, commissions, and licensing to Les Barany at www.hrgigeragent.com.

* Javier de Pisón, a writer and journalist, also runs Wild Seduction Gallery in Miami (wildseduction.com).

01. BAR CEILING

The interior of the H.R. Giger Museum Bar, with its skeleton-shaped, vaulted ceilings. Photo: © 2003 Marc Adrian Villas / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

02. BAR INTERIOR

The H.R. Giger Museum Bar counter and other interior furnishings are cast in a compound of concrete and fiberglass, polished until it's so soft to the touch that feels like skin. Photo: © 2003 Wolfgang Holz / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com

03. HARKONNEN BOOTHS

One of the several newly designed "Harkonnen Booths" and a plexi-glass top side table in the H.R. Giger Museum Bar, Gruyeres, Switzerland. Photo: © 2003 Javier Mz. de Pison / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

04. GIGER AT MUSEUM

H.R. Giger sitting near the entrance of his museum in Gruyeres, Switzerland, under the sculpture "Birth Machine," 1999. Edition of five, in aluminum, 200 x 140 x 25 cm. Photo: © 2002 Louis Stalder / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

05. CASHIER'S DESK

The artist-designed cashier's desk in the foyer of the H.R. Giger Museum, topped by a configuration of eight of his "Guardian Angels," 1997. Photo: © 2002 Louis Stalder / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

06. ALIEN ROOM

"The Alien Room" of the H.R. Giger Museum. On permanent exhibit are nearly all of the artist's original paintings for director Ridley Scott's movie, "Alien," including one of the three full size shooting models of cinema's most infamous sci-fi creature. Photo: © 2002 Louis Stalder / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

07. MUSEUM PROJECTION

The night of the opening, a light show of projected Giger paintings on the facade of the H.R. Giger Museum was organized by David Jahn, from Prague.

Most Giger fans will easily recognize the striking image of "Landscape XIX," 1973. Photo: © 2003 Marc Adrian Villas / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

08. ALIEN MONSTER I

"Alien Monster I" 1979, © H.R. Giger, acrylic on paper on wood; 140 cm x 140 cm., depicts the artists famous creature, and was specifically created for the cover of his book, "Giger's Alien." Photo: © HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

09. NECRONOM IV

"Necronom IV," 1976, © H.R. Giger, acrylic on paper on wood, 140 x 140cm. One of the two original paintings which were created independently by the artist several years before Dan O'Bannon wrote the script for the film, "Alien." Quoting director Ridley Scott, upon his discovery of them in the book, "H.R. Giger's Necronomicon," "That's it, why look further." Photo: © HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

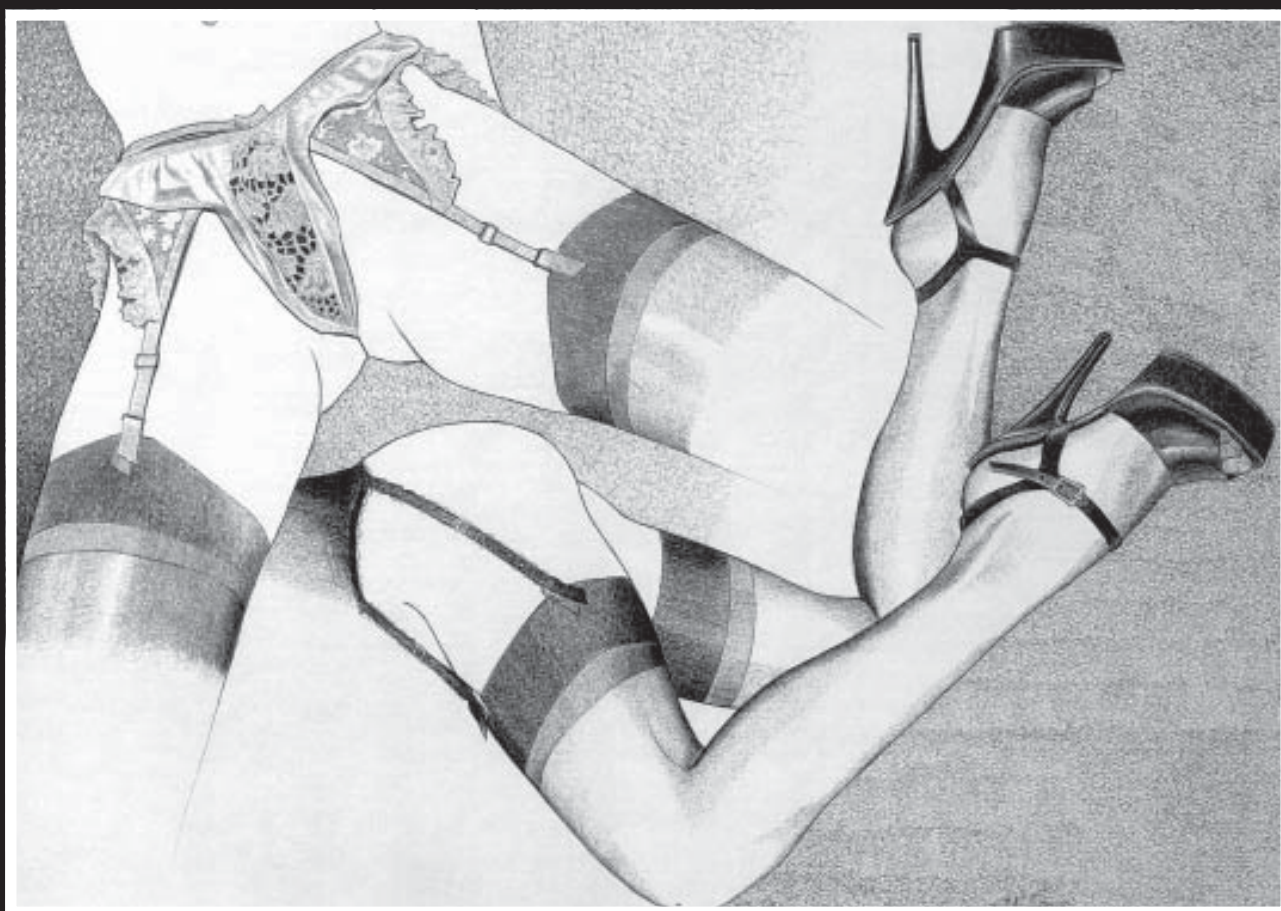
10. CHINESE EVOLUTION

"Chinese Evolution," Work # 562, 1981-84, © HR Giger, acrylic on paper/wood, 240 x 280 cm. Photo: © HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

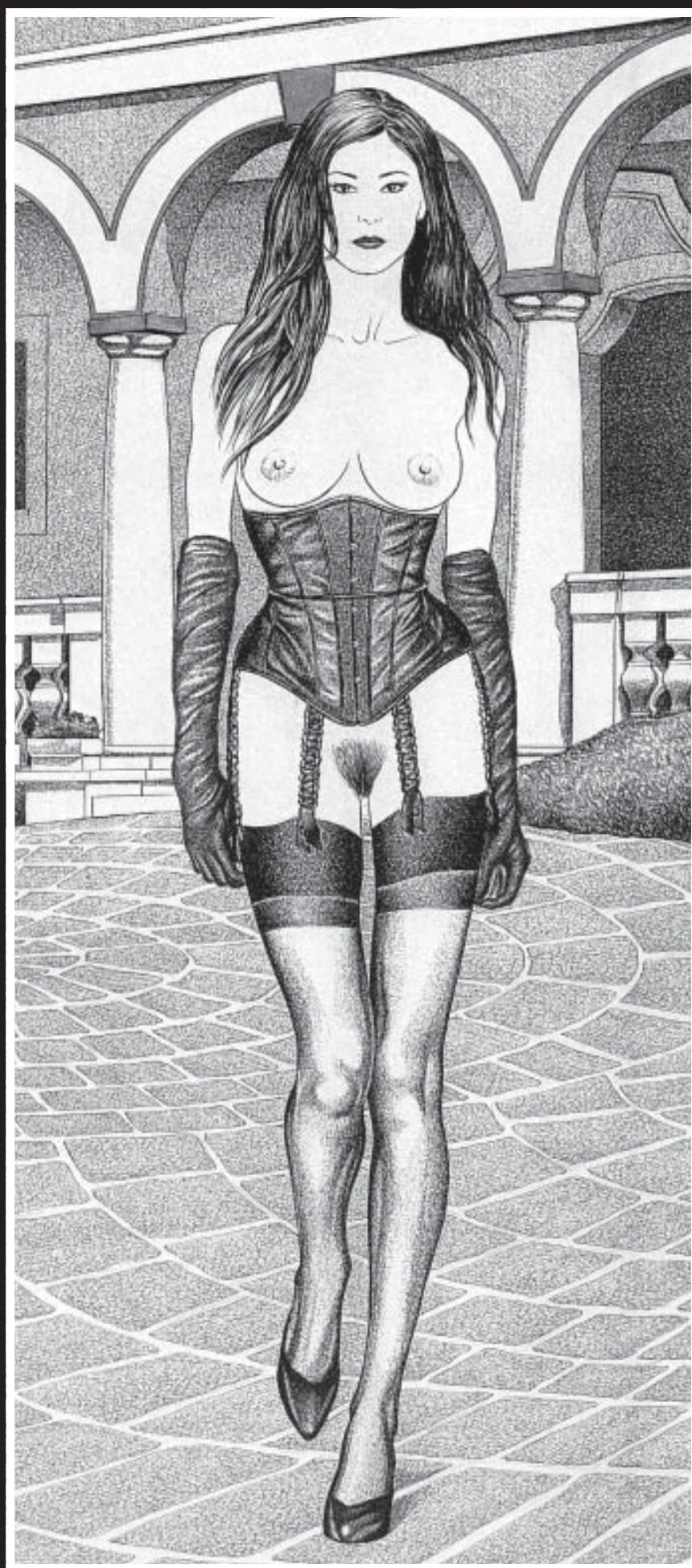


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Matteo Cagnola



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BASIC TRAINING

by Debs Tapper

When the two women came striding around the corner, deep in conversation, Siggie Weiss knelt down immediately, bending forward until his forehead touched the cold tiled floor. He recognised one of them – the scarlet leggings, gold leather corset and dark, lustrous skin were



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unmistakable, as were the impressive array of whips and handcuffs dangling from the belt at her waist – but he had no idea who her companion was. He had only the briefest glimpse of fiery red hair, a short metallic blue dress, clear rubber stockings and high-heeled ankle boots before he was kneeling down beside the wall, almost holding his breath, wondering if they were going to notice him. They did. They stopped in front of him, and Siggie could almost feel the icy scorn of the woman in blue sweeping over his naked body.

“A new animal, Artemis?” she inquired.

Her companion nodded. “Very new,” she said. “Cybele and Aphrodite brought it in a week ago. It’s a pretty specimen – thirty years old, blond, blue-eyed, and in good physical shape with no obvious blemishes. I would have liked to train it, but Cybele’s decided to keep it for herself.” The other woman smiled. “She may decide to give it to you once she’s trained it – or once she’s got bored with it. I’ve never known Cybele to be interested in an animal for more than a month at most. None of them can keep her amused for long, no matter how attractive or obedient they are.” She turned her attention back to the kneeling man. “You – animal – what’s your identity?”

Siggie felt himself flush. His tattooed identity code was in clear sight on his right buttock, along with several spiteful whip-marks from the last training session; but he was new here, and he guessed that the woman was just hoping to make him commit a punishable misdemeanour. “SW12, Supreme Sister,” he said.

“And what’s your name?”

Siggie hesitated, unsure of how to answer. He was convinced she was trying to trap him into a mistake now, but he didn’t know why. “I was told that animals have to earn their names here, Supreme Sister,” he said cautiously.

“I’m sorry, but I haven’t earned mine yet.”

“Your animal may be pretty, Artemis, but it’s impertinent,” the woman observed acidly, scowling down at his bent blond head.

Artemis laughed, fingering one of her whips with loving care. “Cybele will soon cure that, Hecate. Stand up, SW12 – Mistress Hecate wants to look at you.”

Siggie stood up obediently, knowing what was expected of him. He had been examined a number of times since he had been snatched from the Confederacy’s regime of Morality Police and sexual repression and brought to this place beneath the city, this hidden world controlled by assertive goddesses who could have stepped straight out of his most subversive fantasies. He lifted his arms and laced his fingers behind his head, keeping his head bowed as the two women strolled around him. He managed to steal a few quick glances at Mistress Hecate from under his eyelashes and swallowed hard.

She was just as striking as the other Sisters and just as tall, her height increased by the towering heels and the masses of red hair piled up on her head, the blazing mane kept in place by an elaborate headdress made of spiked silver bands that extended down over her forehead in a jagged line, stopping just above the reflective visor that covered her eyes. Siggie noticed that she wore a matching spiked choker and armlets, her hands encased in an intricate web of interwoven silver threads that tapered into long solid claws, like talons. Her face was painted in



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shades of blue and silver, and she projected such an aura of cold, aloof beauty that Siggie's mouth went dry as he looked at her. The blue metallic dress was sleeveless and low cut, the tight lacing of the bodice pushing her full breasts up into a luscious package. Siggie tried to look away, but found he couldn't take his eyes off the forbidden delights in front of him. He ached to touch them, to kneel down in front of her and trace the rounded mounds with his lips, before burying his tongue between the deep cleft of her cleavage.

Hecate took a long time to examine him, pinching and prodding with her long metal claws. She made him raise and lower his arms several times, flex his muscles in various different positions, kneel down and stand up again; then she told him to turn around slowly, bend over and place his hands on the floor, the silver claws exploring his body with practiced ease. Once she had thoroughly tweaked and probed his defenceless backside, she ordered him to straighten up again and put his hands back behind his head. A chilly talon slipped under his chin, pushing his head up until he was staring at the ceiling, his neck muscles stretched into hard lines.

"Keep still," she said, tapping the talon against his lips. She slid both hands across his chest and over his belly – then she reached down between his legs with frightening speed and the curved metal claws closed around his balls. Siggie shuddered all over, forcing himself not to hop about as she touched him. He was aware of the icy webbing rasping over his skin, then all he could feel was the delicate pricks of the claws as Hecate toyed with his scrotum, lifting his balls and testing their weight, the tip of one long silver nail slithering back to scratch at the sensitive flesh behind them. The touch was both terrifying and arousing, and Siggie groaned as his dick stirred and stiffened in her cold grasp.

"This animal lacks any proper respect," Hecate said.

"Cybele normally keeps it in a restraining belt," Artemis said thoughtfully. "I saw the animal being fitted myself just after it arrived. It was quite entertaining – the poor animal went very red in the face and whimpered when it was fitted with the plug." She unhooked a whip from her belt and tickled the man's erect dick with it, sliding it over the swollen tip as Hecate began to scratch his balls and the base of his dick gently with her silver talons, their sharp points scraping across his responsive skin. Siggie groaned again and closed his eyes in bliss.

"Bad animal," Artemis said, flicking the whip lightly against his hard shaft and making him shudder with pleasure. "You're here to amuse your superiors – never forget that." "I'm sorry, Mistress Artemis," Siggie mumbled. "I..."

Artemis flicked him again – harder this time – and he

sucked in a sharp breath. "Where are you going, SW12?" she asked.

Siggie kept his eyes closed, trying to picture something that would make his traitorous dick shrink again and failing miserably. All he could think about were these two incredible women tormenting him, and his beautiful Trainer, waiting for him in that room...

"I'm going to report to my Trainer, Mistress Artemis," he said.

"Like that?"

"I –" Siggie could feel his face burn scarlet even before he said it. "I've been ordered to prepare myself for intensive training today, Mistress Artemis."

"Intensive training..." Hecate said. The silver claws tightened, nipping at his balls. "Have you submitted yourself to it before – or is this your first time?"

"It's my first time, Mistress Hecate," Siggie said.

"And do you know what to expect?"

"I – I think so, Mistress Hecate."

"Well? What do you think is going to happen to you?"

Siggie bowed his head, his cheeks glowing with embarrassment. "My Trainer – Mistress Cybele – is going to... to..."

Hecate let him go with a spiteful tweak that made him gasp and left his dick harder than ever. "Lack of appropriate respect; obvious sexual contemplation of its superiors; failure to answer a direct question... This animal seems eager to collect as many demerits as possible, Artemis – does it enjoy being punished?"



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"Turn round, SW12," Artemis ordered. When Siggie obeyed, she traced the purple welts on his bottom with her whip. "And what has your Trainer punished you for so far?"

"I failed to address her correctly," Siggie said. "And I was two minutes late for my training yesterday."

"Nothing else?" She tapped his buttocks with her whip. "Turn back."

"She's decided to keep a book of my transgressions, Mistress Artemis. She says I've made thirty-five errors already, so I'm going to need a special course of punishment."

"Then you can tell your Trainer to add another three transgressions to her list," Hecate said. "When are you due to report?"

There was a digital clock set in a pillar opposite them. Siggie looked up at it and his face fell. "Ten minutes ago," he wailed. "I'm already ten minutes late!"

"Then you're guilty of another transgression," Artemis said. "You're up to thirty-nine, SW12."

"I'd like to watch this training session," Hecate said. "I think it's going to be entertaining."



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Artemis smiled. "I don't think Cybele will mind at all," she said. "And it might do SW12 good to have an audience."

Cybele was waiting impatiently when Siggie arrived and knelt down at her feet, barely noticing Aphrodite standing beside her. He would have run the rest of the way, but the two Supreme Sisters had insisted on escorting him at a leisurely pace and he had been forced to walk slowly behind them. At any other time he wouldn't have minded – Artemis' polished scarlet leggings seemed to have been sprayed onto her perfect bottom and Hecate's thighs looked slippery and inviting in their clear sheaths – but the thought of Cybele's displeasure weighed on his mind, spoiling his enjoyment of the magnificent view in front of him.

"You're late, SW12," Cybele said coldly, glancing at Artemis as she closed the heavy security grids behind them.

"I'm sorry, Mistress Cybele, but I –"

"How late?"

Siggie took a deep breath. "Fifteen minutes exactly, Mistress Cybele. Please forgive me – I was going to be early, but..."

"I don't want to hear excuses, SW12," Cybele said. She towered over the kneeling man, a magnificent figure in glossy black rubber and spike-heeled boots, her long black hair pulled back into a tight ponytail. "You're late. What's more, you've kept me waiting for you, and that's an unforgivable transgression. Have you committed any other acts of disobedience on your way here?"

"Yes, Mistress Cybele," Siggie said miserably. "Three, Mistress Cybele."

"Three!" Cybele looked at him in surprise. "But you were only released from your sleeping cage a little while ago – you were supposed to clean yourself as usual then come straight here without your restraining belt. What have you done, SW12?"

Siggie told her, keeping his head down. Once he had finished he waited nervously, listening to the slow tap of Cybele's heel as she gazed down at him.

"I really thought I was beginning to get somewhere with

you, SW12," she said. She sounded almost regretful. "Perhaps I've just been wasting my time."

"No, Mistress Cybele – please forgive me! I'm sorry – I'm trying so hard..."

"Not hard enough. You disappoint me, animal. You're inadequate – your training's over. Aphrodite –" She glanced at the blond woman. "Have this creature's identity mark removed and take it to the pens – it's only fit for menial labour after all. It's not suitable to serve any of us." She turned her back on Siggie and folded her arms.

"Very well, Cybele." Aphrodite uncoiled a leash. "Stand up, animal."

Siggie stood up, feeling ready to cry. "Please, Mistress Cybele!" he pleaded. "Please give me another chance! I want to serve you – I want to please you!"

Cybele swung back sharply. "How dare you presume to speak to me like that! You have absolutely no worth. You're a disobedient, contemptible little worm and you've collected more demerits in your first week than any other animal we've ever retrieved from the surface." Siggie knew she was glaring at him behind the reflective visor, and when she spoke again her voice could have frozen oceans. "Very well, animal – convince me. Tell me why I should give you another chance."

"I'll behave," Siggie said. "I promise you, Mistress Cybele! I'll do anything to serve you, anything at all."

Cybele came closer. "Are you really that afraid of the menial pens, animal?"

"No," Siggie said truthfully. "I'm afraid of not being allowed to serve you."

Artemis laughed out loud. "What a sweet little animal, Cybele! I don't think you've ever caught one that grovelled so appealingly before."

"Please, Mistress Cybele." Siggie knelt again, pressing his lips against the ground in front of her boots. "Please give me another chance – I won't disappoint you again..."

"No, you won't. All right, SW12 – I'll give you one final opportunity to prove to me that you have some value. Perhaps a rigorous session of intensive training will make you more obedient..."

"Thank you, Mistress Cybele!" Siggie kissed the ground fervently, wishing he could kiss her boots instead. "Thank you!"

"Stand up, SW12," Cybele said.

Siggie followed her across the room, determined not to make any more mistakes.

The training room scared and excited him in equal measures. Hooks, chains and manacles hung from the ceiling while one wall was given over to racks that held a selection of whips and various other devices of instruction that Siggie hadn't dared to look at too closely, and the room itself was furnished with a variety of equipment intended to instil obedience in even the most difficult animal. There was the padded whipping bench that Siggie had found himself bending over twice already; the tubular frame with its heavy leather restraints; the X-shaped cross; the stocks; the scary-looking chair that seemed to be nothing but a mass of straps, probes and electrodes. And then there was the sling. It hung from a sturdy frame, a wide strip of rubber-coated canvas and webbing with a heavy hoop and chain at each corner. After Siggie noticed the assortment of restraints and pulleys on the frame a few days ago he had been wondering what the sling was for – now he sat down on the edge of it and lay back submissively, tucking his hands behind his head then lifting and spreading his legs as Cybele ordered.

He knew she was still angry with him. She had handled him when she restrained him during previous training

sessions – fleetingly, it was true, but enough to excite him – and when he had been facedown over the whipping bench the day before, waiting for his punishment, she had actually trailed her gloved fingers over his buttocks. Now she made it obvious she didn't want to touch him. She stood in his line of sight, pulling moulded latex gauntlets over her gloves; then she locked a pair of shackles around his ankles, managing to avoid any contact with his bare legs.

"Put your hands in the cuffs, SW12."

Siggi stretched his arms up, slipping his hands through the metal bands, and Cybele tightened them around his wrists.

"Aphrodite, find me a gag for this animal. I don't want to hear its voice again."

Siggi began to hate the gag a few moments after it went



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into his mouth. It didn't look too uncomfortable; just a small bulb connected to a wide rubber ring that he knew would make his jaws ache after a while, held in place by a straps and buckles. He opened his mouth and accepted the gag, tasting rubber against his tongue, and kept his head up while Cybele fastened the buckles. Then her hand closed on the tiny pump and she inflated the bulb until it filled his mouth, squashing his tongue and rounding his cheeks out. Siggi stared up at her as she released the pump, his blue eyes wide with anxiety.

Cybele pressed buttons on the side of the frame, adjusting the height of the sling first then retracting the chains connected to the shackles, drawing Siggi's legs up until he felt his hips lifted clear of the sling.

"You're blushing, SW12."

Siggi wasn't surprised. He had never felt so exposed or so helpless in his entire life. Cybele fiddled with the mechanism on the frame until his legs were spread even wider, parting his buttocks and exposing the vulnerable pink pucker of his anus, fringed with little tufts of dark blond hair.

"I think you're blushing all over..."

The other Supreme Sisters gathered around him and Siggi

squeezed his eyes shut tightly, his face scarlet with embarrassment.

"Open your eyes, SW12 – I thought you enjoyed looking at us."

Watching them as they peered at his body just made it worse and Siggi's face got even redder; but the very helplessness of his position began to excite him again and his dick twitched and stirred against his belly.

This was one of his darkest fantasies, one of the hidden, secret things he had barely dared to admit to himself – a grubby and frequently sticky little dream he had played out in his mind after watching illicit films, when he was lying alone in bed. He had always found the idea of relinquishing control of his body to a stern and forceful woman arousing, but when he had submitted in his fantasies, he had been facedown with his eyes tightly shut; he had never expected to find himself bound and gagged and lying on his back with his eyes open and his legs spread wide like a sacrificial virgin, waiting to be ravished by this glorious dominatrix.

"Do you have any of your toys with you, Hecate?"

Cybele held out a hand and Hecate tipped something into her upturned palm. Siggi heard the chink of metal and saw the light glinting off something silvery before Cybele closed her hand over the objects. She walked around and stood by his head, looking down.

"I think you need some more incentive, SW12."

She reached down and Siggi felt her hand brush against his nipples. They hardened almost immediately and he sighed with pleasure – then hopped and squealed into the gag as the clamp bit into the first tender knot of flesh. Cybele pinched his other nipple and snapped a second clamp in place, then sauntered slowly around his body, stopping by his raised legs.

"Let's see how good you can be..."

Siggi squirmed and tried not to snivel as she attached the rest of clamps in a circle around his scrotum, stretching the loose skin out carefully before snapping the spiteful jaws closed. By the time she had finished, he was sweating and trembling, but Cybele noticed his dick was still hard. "I think you're ready," she said.

Siggi slumped back in the sling, breathing deeply. His nipples and balls felt like they had been painted with liquid fire while his dick jutted up stiffly against his belly, desperate for some kind of relief. He groaned softly, wondering if his Trainer could really be cruel enough to keep him in this state of sexual frustration forever, and twisted his head round, looking for her. Cybele was busy fastening a lightweight black harness around her body, slotting a strap between her legs and locking it to the belt



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around her waist. Siggie watched as she walked over to the rack of implements, his eyes widening as she turned back and he could see what she had selected. Cybele strode back and held the massive black rubber phallus in front of his face, letting him see what to expect. "Well, SW12 – does this appeal to you?"

It didn't, but Siggie nodded anyway. He had been stupid enough to say "no" before to Aphrodite and he was determined not to make the same mistake again – if Cybele was anything like the other Sister, a negative response would probably send her back to the rack to pick something even bigger.

"And do you still want to please me?"

Siggie nodded again. He wanted to please her very much and he had thought he was ready for his intensive training – and if the Sisters hadn't kept him locked into that wretched restraining belt he would have enjoyed the prospect even more in the relative privacy of his sleeping cage – but he wasn't overjoyed at the instrument of instruction she had chosen.

"Very well. I shall continue with your instruction." Cybele lowered the phallus and pressed the metal plate at the base against the shield covering her groin, and Siggie heard a series of soft clicks as it sealed itself onto the harness. Cybele coated it with a copious layer of lubricant then positioned herself between Siggie's widely spread legs, looking down at him.

"Are you ready, SW12?"

Cybele didn't penetrate him immediately. She toyed with his body for a few minutes first, driving poor Siggie into a state of frenzy. She played with the clamps on his balls, opening and shutting them until he squirmed and made little muffled pleas for mercy behind the gag, then she ran the very tips of her greased fingers down the inside of his thighs. Siggie stopped wriggling and shuddered with pleasure instead, gazing up at her adoringly.

"Do you want to be touched, SW12?" she purred. "Do you want me to touch you?"

Siggie nodded eagerly, too excited to wonder if she was

testing him. Cybele stroked one finger over his balls lightly then let it glide up his dick, just brushing the swollen head. "Do you like that, SW12? Do you think about me touching you?"

Siggie stopped nodding and stared up at her.

"I'd answer the question truthfully if I was you, SW12," Cybele warned. "I know what disobedient animals like you fantasise about, and I'll know if you're lying to me – lying to your Trainer is a serious transgression. Do you think about me touching you?"

Siggie gave an unhappy little nod, knowing he was going to earn more demerits whatever happened.

"Lying to your Trainer is a serious transgression, but fantasising about your Trainer is far more serious," Cybele said sternly. "You really are a most tiresome animal, SW12. After your session, you will clean yourself and refit your restraining belt, take your meal and exercise as usual, then return here, where you will bend over the whipping bench and wait for me. After I have punished you for your lateness this morning, you will write down details of every deviant fantasy you have entertained since you came here and I will choose an appropriate method of discipline."

The thought of telling Cybele his intimate fantasies was having a strong effect on the unfortunate Siggie. Cybele gave his rigid dick a contemptuous flick with the tips of her gloved fingers and beckoned the other Sisters closer. They stood around Siggie, watching as Cybele guided the bulbous rubber head into position then pushed it slowly into his body.

"You were right, Artemis," Hecate said with interest. "The animal does go very red in the face..."

Siggie tried to relax and accept the huge object, clamping his teeth on the gag as Cybele began to move her hips. She gripped his legs just above the knee, the vigorous thrusts making him writhe and pull at his shackles, breath snorting through his nostrils.

"I think the animal likes it, Cybele," Artemis said.

Siggie didn't know whether he liked it or not. What had begun as painful discomfort had melted into something more enjoyable; now he was drowning in pleasure that flooded over him, lifting him up, overwhelming him...

"Keep your eyes open, SW12."

Siggie whimpered, watching the light slither over her rubber-sheathed breasts and the long black ponytail slipping and bouncing over one shoulder. Aphrodite had told him that penetration would make him more obedient and he knew she'd been right. He had never felt so submissive before, or so ready to kneel down and surrender himself totally. This was nothing like his fantasy; this was wonderful and terrible and better than he had ever dreamed it could be, and when Cybele finally withdrew he was struggling for breath. Aphrodite removed the gag at a sign from Cybele and he gasped for air.

"Do you want to masturbate, SW12?" Cybele asked, stepping out of the harness.

Siggie gazed up at her, his dick aching and his balls ready to burst. "Yes, Mistress Cybele," he whispered. He found it difficult to speak; his mouth was full of the taste of rubber and he was more aware of the clamps now Cybele had finished, biting deeply into the delicate skin of his scrotum. "Please, Mistress Cybele."

"Then ask me properly."

Siggie looked at the women surrounding him. They had all seen how much he had enjoyed his humiliating penetration and now they were going to watch while he brought himself to climax. Siggie was no stranger to masturbation and had spent many happy hours in the company of his own hand, but he had never done it in front of an audience.

"Please may I be permitted to masturbate, Mistress Cybele?" he asked in a small voice, blushing again as he said it.

Cybele nodded. "You have my permission."

She unlocked the cuffs then handed him a clear plastic cup. Siggi hesitated, flexing stiff fingers, reluctant to touch himself while they were watching. He felt shy and self-conscious under the continued scrutiny.

"Well, SW12?"

"Forgive me, Mistress Cybele, but... what's the cup for?"

"It's so you don't make a mess, SW12."

It was awkward to perform in front of them but Siggi swallowed his embarrassment and did it, gasping as he came and filling the cup with a sticky white explosion.

"Good, SW12," Cybele said. "Now – drink it."

Siggi just stared, his mouth falling open.

"Do as you're told, SW12 – and don't spill any."

"Permission to speak," Siggi stuttered. "Mistress Cybele, I – I can't –"

"Permission denied," Cybele said. "And don't tell me you can't, SW12 – it's only your own mess, after all."

Siggi raised the cup reluctantly and put it to his lips,



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retching as he emptied it.

Cybele smiled in satisfaction. "Good," she said. "I'm pleased with your progress, SW12, and as a special indulgence, I will allow you to choose the whip you want me to use for your punishment."

Several hours later, Siggi was back in the training room, the restraining belt firmly in place again, preventing any further indulgences. He stood in front of the racks and studied the array of whips, picked one up, then put it back and picked up another, looking over the racks doubtfully. He hadn't realised there were so many different types of whips, canes and paddles. He began to feel quite grateful that Cybele had specified a whip, narrowing his choice down to a collection of fifty or so different models that hung from hooks or were coiled neatly on the racks. She had used a flexible riding crop for both of his previous beatings – he knew because she had made him kiss it after she had finished and thank her for the punishment. The first time she had concentrated on the fleshy part of his rump and he thought that was painful – until she had gone to work on his buttocks and the tops of his legs yesterday with that spiteful narrow crop. It had stung so badly that poor Siggi was crying by the time she decided he had been punished enough. But he had enjoyed it at the same time. Siggi picked up several slim riding crops and rejected them again, looking for the one he thought Cybele would want to use on his bottom. It was surprisingly

difficult to choose – he wanted to be able to sit down again after she had beaten him, but he knew she would be annoyed if he picked a lightweight crop, and he wanted to please her. Siggi realised he was looking forward to his beating with a shivery sense of anticipation. There was something very exciting about bending over the whipping bench with his bare bottom sticking up, waiting for the next stroke of the lash... Eventually he settled on a heavy whip made of braided black leather, flexing it between his hands. It was supple and would hurt more with every stroke – he knew he would be in tears again by the time she finished, especially if she decided to whip him across the backs of his thighs as well as his buttocks – but he thought she would be satisfied with his choice. Siggi took the whip over to the padded bench, spreading his legs wide and fitting the shackles around his ankles. He locked them in place then looked at his selection, wondering how he was going to hold it. After a moment's deliberation, he put the whip between his teeth and bent over the bench, slipping his wrists into the cuffs and resting his hands on the floor. Then he waited.

He was just beginning to think Cybele had forgotten him when she came in, closed the security grids, and stood looking down at him.

"Are you prepared for your punishment, SW12?" she asked, locking the cuffs around his wrists.

Siggi nodded. "Yes, Mistress Cybele," he said, careful not to drop the whip.

Cybele took it from him. "A good choice, SW12," she said. "You're learning."

She stepped behind him and Siggi tensed himself for the first blow, gasping in surprise when she ran her gloved fingers gently across his bare rump instead. "Are you going to make any more mistakes, SW12?" she asked.

"No, Mistress Cybele," Siggi said earnestly.

"And do you want to continue with your training?"

"Yes, Mistress Cybele."

"I won't make it easy for you, SW12."

"I know, Mistress Cybele."

"I've been far too indulgent with you, SW12. I've reviewed your progress so far and have come to the conclusion that your training will have to be far harder and more rigorous than any other animal I've trained before."

"Thank you, Mistress Cybele," Siggi said.

"That doesn't make you special in any way – it just means you're a troublesome animal who needs to be taught the true meaning of submission."

"Thank you, Mistress Cybele," Siggi said again, a feeling of happy satisfaction sweeping over him.

"But if you make another mistake your training will be over. I won't be so lenient again. Now – are you ready to receive your punishment?"

"Yes, Mistress Cybele."

Cybele patted his buttocks – and then she gave him the beating of his life.

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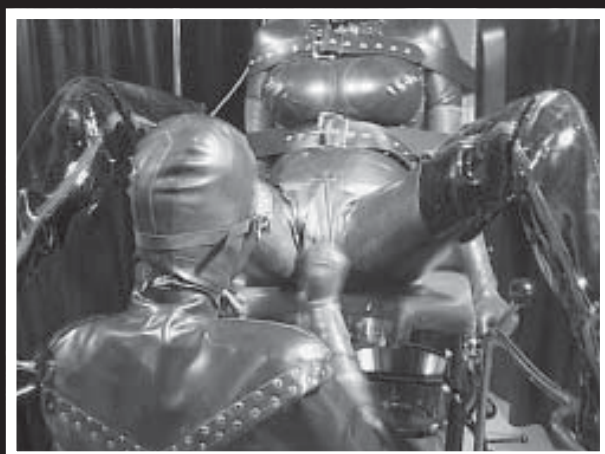
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DeMask

Rubber Rituals 1

When I see the name DeMask, I expect only the best but I must say that I was slightly disappointed by their first DVD/video production. Knowing Steve English, I thought that it might be different, more special. Stating that, I must say that it is a very good rubber video and that all rubber enthusiasts will find it quite exciting as you can all see from these pictures. There is only one sequence I didn't take any pictures of because it might be too shocking.... now everybody wants to know what I find shocking..no????

On sale at the fetish stores or from Boutique MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Price: 65 euro/us\$

LOVE



UNDERWATER



These pictures are made by Mark Yasenchak who got a certain celebrity when he released the Sex Underwater videos in 2000. Edition Reuss, who are known to publish good but strange artbooks, have published this curious yet amazing pictures of couple fucking, sucking and licking underwater. I liked the idea of truly three-dimensional access to the body, the weightless grace of the hair but most of all: naked, covered in rubber with only a small tube to breath.... wow....!

more information: www.edition-reuss.com

photographer: www.aquatapes.com





INGELA



INGELA



INGELA



I have a serious lingerie, stockings & high heel fetish!

I hope everyone knows me and my work but this small text is to give you an insight on the woman (pictured here) who forever scoped my imagination, altered my path and guided me into pure immaginary artistry bliss!.

When I first saw 'Ingela' I had that "I have seen this and done this before" feeling. A feeling of De Ja Vu flooded my brain as I looked closer at the picture. There she was staring me in the face from a rather well known Magazine. I then began to realise how much she resembled the features I incorporate in my art and automatically I concluded that she had been modelling for quite a long period of time. How was it possible that I didn't notice her before? This was all wrong, no!! Later on I found out that this was her debut modelling career! huh?!?!?... shock horror! There I am, dazzled and confused, amazed by the resemblance of this creature and supposing she is a star model. Oh well, I was mesmerized! I had to get to know this wonderful specimen of "all woman" and so I began my journey in meeting the one and only Ingela.



After countless searches on the world wide "wobble", I stumbled across a website which featured her. I quickly sent an e-mail thinking she wouldn't even respond. You know what these models are like?! Don't you? Full of egotism, I am I am!! But hel no!!! no, no no!!! She actually responded and I thought "yes", she's human after all! At that point we began exchanging e-mails, started a cartoon story titled "Passion For Nylons". We also met a couple of times. She came to London/ England and I went to N.Y.C for a photoshoot (that will feature Ingela and I in Leg Show very soon).

We have known in each other now for almost 3 years and my respect for her is overwhelming. She isn't just a "model", but a human being with feelings, politeness, caring about important issues in life, all of which I admire in a person, and I shall carry on respecting, admiring, caring about her for a great deal more time.

Chris! Of England







INGELA

interview

Secret: You say that you have a serious lingerie, stockings and high heel fetish? Can you explain more?

INGELA: I have loved sexy and beautiful lingerie forever. Already as a little girl I used to ask my mom if I could wear her high-heeled shoes and try on her pantyhose. I felt so grown up and special in her shoes that I could barely walk in, and I liked the way the nylon felt on my legs as well as the swishing sounds it made, as I touched and played with it.

Secret: Do you make love in these clothing? And if so, why?

INGELA: I am a very passionate person, and making love in any shape or form is always extremely exciting to me, even naked. It's a mood thing. Wearing something really naughty, that totally turn my lovers on, is the ultimate though. Looking at my lovers' shoulders as my stocking clad legs are rapped around them, and putting my 6 inch heels in his mouth in the heat of the moment, just really does it for me.

Secret: What are your personal fantasies?

INGELA: I usually fantasize about taking control over serious, powerful businessmen, politicians or other men of power. Bringing them down to worship my solid, nylon clad curves and making them my love slaves, treating them like a

piece of meat and enjoying watching them squirm of lust and finally totally loose themselves as I play them like a violin, that is my cup of tea :) The tougher the guy the more I know he will love every second of losing control and have me bring him to horny heaven...

Secret: Do you prefer to be dominant or submissive, and how would you dominate your slave?

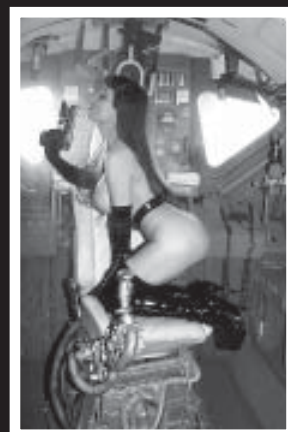
INGELA: I am not a dominatrix although I look like one. Open-minded and playful is what I am, and there are times that I have actually gotten into letting a man be the aggressor while having sex, but I am definitely more the dominant type. Different people bring out different sides in us all, and I have never made love to two men the same way. I am very uninhibited sexually, and always let my desire, instinct and heat of the moment take my "victim" and I to new Nirvanas...

Secret: How did you meet CHRIS! and what is your relation to him?

INGELA: We are each other's mentors and very good friends. He saw my very first adult magazine layout in Leg Show a few years ago. Immediately he realized how much I resembled the woman he has always been drawing; I was his cartoon woman coming to life! He kept searching for me until we finally made

contact, and since then we have been in touch. I respect him tremendously as a person and artist. He is incredible cool, funny and good hearted. I think and hope that we will be the best of friends forever. "The artist and his muse" will keep on keeping on!

Jürgen Boedt



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Christian Holzknecht





Two Women tells a few stories in pictures about two women, with possibly quite different social background – in the one or the other story perhaps, you will find passages of the dream, you may well have dreamt just yesterday....



Christian Holzknacht





Christian Holzknecht started at the age of 14 to explore our world through the lens of his first reflex mirror-camera. Being a true cosmopolitan and a photographer, thinking in movies rather than single shots, his view reached out far beyond his home country's borders onto the Middle East and America. Inspired by virtue of his passionate voyeurism he is acting alternately in Bregenz/Austria and his elected home, Los Angeles.

Being a publisher myself I know how hard it is for a photographer to get his artwork published. So I always have a very high esteem for those who dare to produce their own books with their own funds and try to sell it to the public. Books from John Santerineross, John Dietrich and now Christian Holzknecht are very rare and when found, to be cherished. Christian Holzknecht's pictures are playful, with a strong lesbian basic and you will get a kind of story while looking at the pictures. They are shot in sequence and will reveal an intimate moment of lust, passion and fetish sex all with a classy sauce.

This book is highly lesbian focused but originally fetish. Price: 24;20 euro

www.holzknecht.at

Christian Holzknecht



www.Ilsa Strix.com

Mistress Ilsa Strix

exclusive interview

Secret: What is your philosophy?

Mistress Ilsa Strix: I consider myself a gourmet of sexual deviancy. Few wander into the places I have, places so subtle that the untrained eye might miss them, so intricate that they can never be repeated exactly, so profound that those who are initiated are forever altered. When a submissive surrenders to me, they enter a shadowland, no maps are available, and I am their trusted guide, their tormentor, and their demiGoddess. My view of S/M is not phallogentric, it may include the lower urges of the libido, but has wider focus, to include the entire being; flesh, brain, emotions, and spirit. Sophisticated S/M works on many levels, to disarm, to illuminate, to rekindle, to charge, as well as to titillate and satiate. I truly honor what I see to be the most intimate fun two (or more) individuals can have. S/M is about opening up sides of people that are deep, hidden, and exciting.

It is about communicating in ways very different from the surface interactions people generally have. Power exchange is about escaping the normal roles we don in our day to day lives and exploring facets of ourselves that may have only existed in our fantasies. For these reasons



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I see S/M in all it's manifestations as a profoundly sacred act. I believe that the consensual state of sadomasochism is one of the most exciting, fascinating, intimate ways two people can interact. It never fails to amaze me how profound this experience is. You are utilizing so much. You're communicating! You're negotiating! You're playing! You're exploring! It's a new form of intercourse. Think; intercourse not as two people sticking their genitals together in order to conceive babies but rather putting their selves together and interacting in the very broadest sense of the word, putting their minds together to conceive new realities. On another dimension! It's like the fourth dimension of interplay! Very neat, very wonderful stuff. There is also the concept of ritual; that by enacting certain rites we are creating a living symbol of our desires.

And I think there is a correlation with the divine as well. That space, of when you get to experience something, that is not necessarily defined with words. You get to the apex of some of life's experiences. Experiences that contain so much life that time stops. You're wrapped up in the moment of drama that you have created! Externally it's about whips and chains but internally it's about how

© Dave Naz



deep I can go into my submissive's head and gently (or not so gently) twist their notion of reality and that's not about the harsh plasticene image. It's about the consensual human realities which is a much more intricate and intimate and intense place. But I think the world at large doesn't always understand this. That is why doing interviews like this are important. The world at large looks at S&M and says «Ah You've got the girl with the whip» and doesn't see the humanity involved. Perhaps they don't see that it's safe place for people to explore some of their most intricate aspects of their person. Then, there's a problem. We need to be able to as a community to speak about what we're doing in a way that people know that it is a very natural part of sexuality. It's natural because so many humans do it. It is part of the human experience.

Secret: Are you, what some say, a «Lifestyle» Mistress?

Mistress Ilsa Strix: Yes, the desire to create living drama, intense bonds of trust and to actualize my fantasies is in my blood; it is part of my psychology. What this means to me is that I experience this play on a personal level, it is not only about the professional aspects but about the artistry, the connection and how genuine it can become.

Secret: Do you ever have other slaves in session?

Mistress Ilsa Strix: Yes, I have several submissive women and men who I have been training to assist in the dungeon. Their roles range from voyeur to participating in contests to switching to co-bottoming. A scene of this nature would require advance notice to my secretary.

Secret: Do you see couples?

Mistress Ilsa Strix: Yes, working with couples is incredibly rewarding for it serves to strengthen an establish bond, add richness to not just one life but two and in general celebrate the many facets of love. Whether it be teaching them to have better play skills in a direct manner, or

teaching them indirectly through actual dominating one or both of them, what I find is that I always feel great whenever I am with a couple who wants to dance this route together. I get little doses of this when I teach my workshops and couples learn and experience together (our classes are pretty evenly divided between couples, singles and young dominatrices). I suppose much of what I enjoy is seeing two people affirm their relationship by putting the time and energy into exploring this magic we call S/M. The world can be so fragmenting and S/M can be so secretive, it is refreshing to see it used a tool for intimacy and communication between two people who love and are devoted to each other. The intimacy aspect is profound watching the love flow when the ropes are being wrapped around a bondage enthusiast is like watching a perfect embrace. When a wife makes her husband cry from a spanking, and then holds him, it clears away so much relationship baggage, empathy is renewed, love is tangible. When true love is present sadomasochism becomes an act of religious rite, a form of poetry. It allows for the deepest parts of each to rise to the surface and be cared for and nourished. The communication skills learned through S/M can be applied to all aspects of a relationship; really speaking one's truths, deeply listening, negotiating through agendas; all of which are important in and out of the dungeon.

Secret: What does your service not include?

Mistress Ilsa Strix: My service does not include anything that would be considered illegal in the area I am in,



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anything unsafe for either my submissive or myself, nonconsensual for anyone involved, or directly sexual as that would compromise the legality and safety of all parties involved. I also do not expose my breasts, bottom, or genitals. As a fetishist I enjoy my body when it is decorated in exquisite attire, adorned with leather and latex,



accentuated by corsets, held aloft by towering stiletto heels. I feel that nudity carries with it vulnerability more appropriate for a slave than a Mistress.

Secret: What should a submissive do to prepare for the scene?

Mistress Ilsa Strix: I expect a slave to show up in good condition. This means well groomed, recently showered, rested and in good spirits. If we have negotiated a scene that involves bondage or heavy play I would want the slave to consume some Gatorade and a power bar or a very light meal a half hour to an hour before the scene. I do not allow alcohol or drugs into the dungeon, in or on your person, as neither mixes well with safe S/M. If I recognize the sign of any intoxication your appointment will be canceled. If you have special personal items that you like to use in session then discretely bring them in a bag. You can also prepare by writing out some of your fantasies or making a list of what you like, what you don't like and what you would like to explore. Bring these papers with you so that we can review them during our negotiation.

Secret: What is expected of the slave once they are at the dungeon?

Mistress Ilsa Strix: I expect you to tell me about any physical or emotional limitations you might have, this includes; contacts, hemorrhoids, bad back, bad knees, asthma, epilepsy, heart conditions, recent injuries or illness. You will indicate other details, such as; level of experience, desired tone of scene, acceptable fantasies, desire for humiliation, any gender transformation, acceptable bondages, corporal abilities, types of desired stimulation, fetishes, the presence of others, and safe word. I expect complete candidness as the slave begins their journey into surrender, thereby allowing us to journey deeply into their hidden inner sanctum. I expect that you make sure you understand your negotiated upon safeword and are prepared to use it. A safeword is sometimes your

only responsibility in a scene, use it to communicate when you have reached either a physical or emotional limit. After we develop an understanding of one another we may explore the use of safewords, but for a first session they are a crucial form of communication.

You are expected to be respectful of the equipment. S/M equipment and fetish gear is very costly, it takes a long time and a lot of finance to accumulate. If you do accidentally break something be prepared to replace it. Do not expect fantasy and reality to be the exact same. They rarely are. Open yourself up to a new and wonderful experience. Enjoy the unexpected.

Do not get caught up in your genitals. Realize that the beauty of S/M is that it moves on many levels and in many directions, it effects your intellect, your entire body, your heart, your imagination, your psychology and is truly multidimensional, don't limit it's magic.

I expect that you will let go, trust and allow me be in charge. This is your opportunity to release yourself of all the roles you maintain in the «real» world and let someone else run the show. This is like going on a rollercoaster, you just have to loosen up and allow your mind and body to get taken in all sorts of directions for a set period of time. Your external responsibilities are lifted, you get to interact in very sacred and profound ways, explore new and hidden parts of yourself. It is useless and disrespectful to try to manipulate the scene, as Mary Dante says of Dominatrixes **«She is the master of manipulation and will see through your efforts in a heartbeat».**

Finally I expect you to communicate with me after your scene. At this point you will specify what you experienced,



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what worked and how you are feeling now. Let this be a time of closure where you give back your appreciation and gratitude for all the energy and attention given to you during our time together.

Secret: What do you enjoy about Domination?

Mistress Ilsa Strix: First of all I should state that I am very grateful to be a dominatrix as I have been granted an incredible existence, looking back I know that I chose the perfect lifestyle/career choice, as it feels I was born to this work. Everyday I contemplate how fortunate I am that I get to enact these timeless but ephemeral dramas inside a theatrical workshop called a dungeon. How interesting it is to discover that every individual brings to me something uniquely their own, that I can excavate their deepest recesses and play with their most hidden secrets.

I enjoy the creativity, that I can go in a thousand directions, that there is always some interesting twist I can put into the scene. I enjoy the passion and heat; that one experiences only in the moment at hand and that every

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part of the person feels engaged, fiery and alive. I enjoy the tools, I like to collect them, to design them, to utilize them in different combinations, to explore their range and depth. I enjoy the clothes, how fetish makes art out of the body, defining lines, the sheen of the textures, the gloss, the lipstick, the jewels, the power they resonate. I enjoy the trust involved, that someone lays down their power and surrenders, allows me to take them somewhere they haven't been before. I enjoy the skill involved, the tiny facets of safety, of nuance, of control. I enjoy discovering chinks in suits of armor, loopholes in contracts of composure, finding those shielded vulnerabilities that bring my slave one step further into the equation of submission. I enjoy the art of conversation, the intellectual



sparring, the power and poetry of words. I enjoy gender modification, playing with femininity and masculinity as tools for unearthing different aspects of the self. I could go on and on answering this question; bondage, corporal, piercing, pain, pleasure, fantasy, reality, sensation, connection. Most of all I like the paradox; that BDSM is manifesting dreams on a physical level, it is not black or white but about colors that lie within the shadows, ones outside of the normal spectrum. We play in a walled garden of our own creation, that from the outside it appears dangerous and sometimes brutal but from the inside it is, in the end, about providing a safe place for our most intricate aspects of self.

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Matt Lombard



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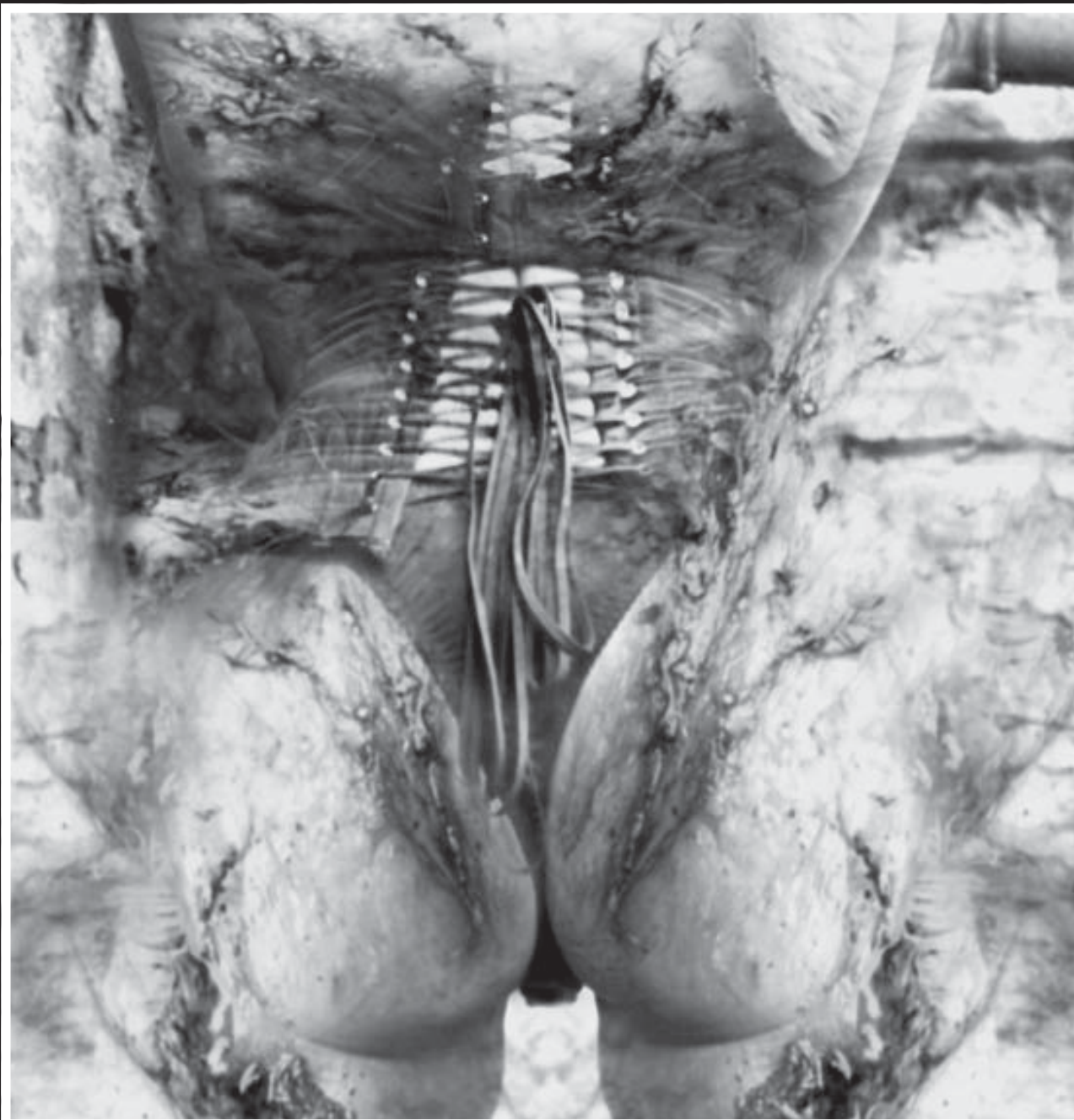
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Matt Lombard



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A DAY OF EXTREME PLEASURE ©

BY
SIMONE

The red light of the radio alarm says 7.00 a.m. I'm awoken though, not by the clock but by the feeling of hot liquid flowing into my ass. My Master has woken and the bulbous tip of his cock distends my asshole just enough to allow him to empty his bladder into me. When he has finished I roll off the bed carefully so as not to leak a drop I silently - and carefully make my way to the bathroom where I pee for both of us.

I clean myself then take a warm, wet cloth to clean my master. Then I return to the bathroom to continue to prepare myself for the day. I give myself a proper enema, shave then shower.

My master insists on scrupulous cleanliness. I do my hair and apply heavy makeup, then I dress. I bind myself into a tight leather bodice. It pushes my full breasts together and up, presenting them forward with the nipples exposed through two scoops out of the leather cups.

My breasts are white and creamy, blue veins show through translucent skin. I'm proud of my breasts and love to have them on display like this. The nipples are pink and soft and protrude a little their gold rings thick and shining makes sure they never lie completely flat. Leather straps hang down over my pussy and behind over my buttocks. They are not attached to anything yet but when they are fastened they will be tight and restricting. I pull on hold up stockings and bend again to pull on my treasures. My thigh length boots, sculpted to my ample legs they fit like gloves and the high heels are agony to walk on but the smell of the leather and the feel of the buckles as I fit them on are as sensuous as the first day I tried them on.

I check myself in the mirror and hope my master will approve, I have taken special care for this special day. I go first to the kitchen to make coffee. I put it on a tray with some juice and return to the bedroom. My master is fully awake and sitting up in bed, he does not look pleased.

"I have been waiting for my coffee! Slut!"

I hurry to apologize but he is not pleased

"Don't answer back to me. Kneel!" I obey and kneel by the bed. From the nightstand drawer he takes the symbols of my slavery a studded leather collar and matching wristbands. As he fastens them onto me I

slip even more into my submissive role. My insides shudder and I feel my juices weep a little onto my freshly shaven lips.

"You shall be punished for keeping me waiting! Now, my coffee, slave!" I serve him eagerly and he allows me to sit at his feet and drink my juice. When we have finished he points to a case on the dresser.

"Bring that to me" he orders and of course I rush to do so but once more he snaps angrily.

"You have taken so long bringing the coffee, now I need to pee again. Bend over" So still carrying the case I bend over by the bed and he stands, again just pushing enough of his penis into me to piss into my ass. When he finishes he slaps my left buttock hard.

"Go!" he shouts "Leave the case on the bed."

I throw the case down and rush, bent double to the bathroom. Clean again, I enter the bedroom to find my master in his robe now, bending over the open case. In a neat row, embedded in a velvet-lined tray are seven butt plugs, ascending in size from left to right. He lifts out the tray. Beneath is a gleaming array of silver coloured metal - clamps, weights and chains. Again a shudder of thrill and a little fear runs through me, the biggest of the butt plugs looks impossible and some of those weights look heavy.

He straightens as I enter and looks at me, laughing at my look of hesitation.

"Don't worry, slave, by the end of today you will have worn all of these." he waved his hand at the case.

"And, knowing you, will still be begging me for more, you filthy whore!"

I say nothing but lower my eyes and await my next order. I must make breakfast soon, but first my master will want to adorn me first. He takes a length of chain, which has small spring clips on each end. Clipping one to the left nipple ring he threads the chain through the ring at the front of my collar and attaches the other clip to the ring that pierces my right nipple. The chain is a little short so each nipple is pulled up, though not uncomfortably so, stretching my neck up or back will pull them more, how much to cause pain, I do not wish to know as yet. Standing back to examine the effect my master nods to himself and then takes two weighted clips from the box. These he attaches to the nipple rings so that they hang down, my breasts protrude a long way so they hang free and every movement will be felt as gravity contests with the pulling force of the chain and the

weights are heavy enough to be felt. Not yet painful, but may become so, after time. I make no sound and my master nods, approvingly.

"Don't think because I am being kind to you with these little weights, that I have forgotten about the punishment. But I want my breakfast so just one or two more additions and you shall go and prepare it, while I shower."

"Yes, Master. Thank you Master" I answer.

"Good Slave. Now, turn around and bend over" I do.

I can feel as cold lubricant rubbed in and around my arse hole then I feel the butt-plug enter me. Cold and slightly giving, it must be rubber. It is not big, the smallest of the set I guess, I take it in easily and I feel the t-bar fit comfortably against my crack. At the base of each plug are four attachment points and my master quickly and expertly pulls my leather straps down to clip them one by one to the t-bar. They secure it tightly against me and as I straighten up the slack on the front straps pulls out and the plug is pulled further into me. Every movement will be felt deep inside me and although it is not uncomfortable, I will not forget it is there for a moment. Adjusting the straps so they lie flat against my crotch and buttocks, my master flicks the two thick rings that pierce my labia and looks up at me.

"Something here too I think, you have a lot to wear today, and we cannot waste time." I stand, silent and waiting. My master takes two more weighted clips from the case, and clips them to my labia rings. I feel the pull, but my rings are well healed and the tug is noticeable but not painful. The feel of the weights tapping against my thigh as I move is erotic. My Master, evidently satisfied, for the moment, turns away.

"Now, go and make my breakfast while I shower"

"Yes, Master. Thank you master," I say again and the plug making itself felt at every step, I hobble down the stairs to do his bidding.

While my master eats, I kneel by his chair, a leash he has clipped to my collar looped over his knee. Finding fault only with the toast which had gone a little cold as I had misjudged how long he would be, he sits back, hunger sated and his robe falling open, revealing his erection which now must also be satisfied. "I'll punish you for the toast as well, but for

now, Slut, get your mouth to work. Two lashes for every minute it takes you."

I set to work eagerly, I love the taste of my master and the feel of him in my mouth, this is no punishment but his threat is. Because I enjoy it, I always make it last as long as I can, now I must hurry or I will be thrashed more.

Cradling his balls in my hands I take his penis in my mouth, drawing in slowly until the engorged tip prods against the back of my throat. My throat spasms but I hold it there as long as I can before pulling back slowly wrapping my tongue around the shaft as I

moisten my mouth. Licking and sucking, I swallow the tip then pull back but I can feel my master is not going to make it easy for me, he has very good control and I have to work hard to overcome his resistance. Eventually he comes in thick salty spurts right into the back of my throat as I push my lips up to the base of his cock. I hold on and try not to gag as his cum shoots straight down my throat.

"Ten minutes that's twenty lashes" he sighs as he pulls his dressing gown closed. With ten each for your other punishments, that makes forty in all. I'd better do that soon, before you need more. I don't want my arm to ache because you cannot get it right." He

holds his glass for more juice and I fill his coffee cup again. He drinks deeply from the juice glass then drains his third cup of coffee and sighs.

"I need to pee again, bend over." Obviously my master has no intention of taking himself to the bathroom today. I obey though I eye his flaccid penis with doubt and he must have caught my glance and he slaps my backside as it comes round to him.

"Bitch! you think I can't do it? Well think again" and he grasps his penis around the shaft and squeezes so that the end becomes bulbous and engorged. He unclips the leather straps holding in the butt plug and pulls it swiftly out, I gasp in shock but before I have time to wriggle at the sensation, he has thrust the red end into me and almost immediately a hot stream of piss fills me. I think of the distance to the loo and worry how I am going to keep it inside me.

"Clean yourself, then when you come back I want the case and my crop, and don't forget a cloth to



e furnace

clean me!" he orders. Bent double and fighting the urge to push, once more I stagger from the room. I sit with relief on the toilet as the hot piss streams from my ass. I take a few minutes to play with my clit, to relieve a little of the tension building up there, my cunt is wet and will soon be dripping, but I cannot risk taking the time to make myself come, even though I am close. I have not had permission and I have already earned 40 lashes, who knows what my punishment would be. So, I clean myself then hurry to the bedroom to get the case and crop.

Hurrying downstairs I almost fall, my heel catches the edge of the bottom step, but my master appears as if from nowhere and catches me. "Five more lashes for clumsiness," he laughs and taking the case from me stands aside as instead of returning to the kitchen, he directs me to turn left and as my master holds the door, I enter the Chamber.

The Chamber is my master's special room and he has fitted it with all we need for our games. It is completely black, the lighting subdued and focused on various pieces of equipment and seating areas and benches spaced around the area. The floor is black stained wood, with a padded rubber area in one corner. The walls are covered in a black leather look fabric, and all the equipment is made of, or partially covered in black leather. The very smell of the place screams erotica and I fall deeper into character and wonder how I am going to hold off my orgasm. I wait for my Master to indicate which particular piece of equipment he wishes to punish me on. For whipping we have a choice of three. There is the pole, with shackles attached, the A-frame over which I can be bent to best present the necessary part for punishment or the X-frame, leaning against the far wall with shackles for wrists and ankles and a strap to hold my middle steady - no danger of my squirming away from a vicious blow. As my glance rakes over it, I know that this would be where we will start. My master stands before it and beckons. He fastens the shackles and tells me how he expects me to take it.

"Scream if you like, " he says "but you must count off each stroke, and if you loose count - we start again." He says. "And of course you must not come" he reaches down to open the case which he has put on the floor at his feet, and takes out several more weights. "And to keep your mind focused we'll add a few more of these."

He reaches under my breast and pulling the nipple from below, he attaches a clamp to the fold of skin created there and the tightness of the clamp together with the weight attached was much more noticeable than the one attached to the ring, although the combined weights were making themselves felt. Reaching around to the other breast he does the same there and a small moan escapes my lips despite

my efforts. He swings the weights, and enjoying the sight. Not satisfied yet he burrows between my legs from behind and I feel but cannot see as he attaches two more weighted clamps to my labia.

And now it begins.

My master stands behind me and takes his crop.

"We'll begin on your butt, " My ass is exposed and quivering, I as I shiver, a little from cold, a little from anticipation. The first blow is stinging and sharp, and even though it was expected it takes my breath away. I gasp and count

"One!"

"Good Slave" he murmurs and delivers the second blow, landing on a different spot, I pull against my restraints but manage not to cry out.

"Two" I gasp, between gritted teeth. I picture the red welts, which must now stripe my bare behind, and hold my breath as I await the next. It came and my breath exploded

"Three!"

"Four" and

"Five" come in quick succession and not so fierce.

"Six!"

"Seven!"

"Eight!" By now I am screaming but at least I have not lost count.

"Nine!"

"Ten" My screams are getting higher pitched and my master breaks off, I like to think he is kindly giving me a break. He unshackles me and steadying me as I step away from the X frame directs me over to the A-Frame and pushes my head down so I am bent over the padded cross bar and again my wrists and ankles secured. This leaves my butt exposed again but also the tops of my thighs are stretched above the boot top, the skin taught and white, as yet unmarked. That was about to change. Satisfied that my bonds are secure, my Master again takes up his crop. As I hang head down my nipples are pulled by the double weights, which swing now against my neck, my breasts hanging loose from their cups, the chain hanging down over my chin.

With a sudden flash of pain, the second round of my punishment begins, targeted on the crease where my bum becomes thigh it is searing and I scream, only after a gasping second I remember to continue the count.

"Eleven" I scream out. My Master laughs and lashes down again, he is getting into his stride now. Another stripe of pain lashes slightly lower on my thigh

"Twelve" I cannot do other than scream the numbers now.

"Thirteen" The slashes move slowly down towards my boot top, my Master will fit blows fourteen to twenty in the space, and I have no doubt. As I scream the half way number of my punishment my Master sighs and holds the next blow. Breathing heavily he kneels and silently begins to loosen my bonds once

more. Having loosened my wrists he seems to hesitate, and stands again, without touching my ankle bonds. I raise my head to watch my Master walk over to the case, and see him take out the next size plug. The burning of my upper thighs settles to a warm throbbing as I relax back over the frame and awaited my master's touch. His breathing is still a little laboured as he stands behind me, perhaps he is trying to control his erection, I can not see of course, could only imagine and I long for the feel of him inside me instead of a lifeless piece of rubber, but I know I have not earned so much yet, I must bear all the ordeal of the day before I deserve such attention. So I relax my muscles as I feel his firm touch as my master smooths lubricant into my bum hole then inserts the butt-plug.

Being spread with my legs apart it slides in quite smoothly, with a slight resistance at the swelling base before my arse spreads around it and takes the full width. It fits snug, and as he fastens the leather restraints the plug feels a comfortable fullness and my cunt surges with a preorgasmic pulse. I fight against it and breath deeply to dispels the urge. My Master hears my breathing change and warns me again

"Don't you come until I tell, you to, Slave." he dipped his fingers into my dripping cunt. "You are wet, bitch! How dare you! An extra five lashes."

"Thank you master, I'm sorry master" I whisper, as required at these times. He bends to release my ankles, my punishment will continue on another part of my body it seems.

I struggle to rise and my Master has to help me upright and as I come up to vertical the butt plug makes itself felt and I squirm to adjust to the fullness of it. The feel of it is so salaetious, another pulse of desire throbs through my vagina and my knees seem reluctant to bear my weight and I sag against my master, he holds me whilst I regain my balance the leads me over to the pole. Clipping the d-rings on my wrist cuffs together he takes my arms up over my head and fastens them to chain which he then pulls tight so that my arms are stretched up forcing my breasts up once more, still spilled from their cups they are exposed completely and still white and I know where the next twenty five blows will land, my masters favourite targets. I concentrate on breathing and preparing to take the blows, my ankles are secured to a spreader bar fixed to the bottom of the pole, another strap around my middle makes sure I cannot twist away from the blows, and my master takes the crop once more and his look warns me he is now hitting his stride, it will be painful. I hold my breath. Then expel it as the first blow land on my right breast,

"Twenty one!" I gasp, remembering - just to call out my punishment. As each blow falls, a new part of each breast explodes into sharp pain, soon they feel swollen and glowing then the pain is blending two

breasts into one. My master is skilful, and as through my sobs I splutter.

"Forty five" my breasts are encircled by welts which will bruise before long. Now I really cannot stand for long and my master almost has to carry me to the sling, suspended from the ceiling beam by heavy duty chains and made of leather it is just the right height for all sorts of entertainment but for now, I shall be bound suspended awaiting my next punishment.

My Master lifts me into the sling and lifts each of my limbs to secure them so eventually it is as if I am hanging by my arms and legs, but in fact my weight is supported comfortably and I feel almost cosseted by the soft but strong leather sling. My Master checks my bonds, and clamps, adding some more to my labia. As my cunt hangs over the end of the sling, the weights bob slightly, hanging free and their weight makes me very aware of my exposure, cool air eddies around my lips and soothes the throbbing heat a little. He scoops my breasts back into their cups, straightening the clamps there too.

My breasts are swollen; they feel twice their normal size and throb beneath his firm handling. The weights are beginning to be uncomfortable but my master tells me he will leave me for a while.

"To rest" he says. He gives me water, the room is warm and as he leaves the room he turns off the light. I hang suspended and feeling weightless in the dark.

The darkness is enveloping, I feel safe and at the same time vulnerable. As I hang there in the silence, listening to my own breathing, I become aware as the minutes pass of every part of me that has been whipped and even more aware of every part that is even now under restraint, being squeezed or bitten into by clamp teeth, what was before a dull pain, is becoming sharper and I wonder how long it will be before I cannot bear it, and if my master will return before then, and I try not to think of what more he has planned for me. My cunt drips juices, which moisten the leather beneath my butt, and moaning slightly to myself, I drift into sleep. Not being aware of anything outside my body, I do not know when I come awake or how long I have slept. The pain in various parts of me has become a familiar hot throbbing, which, relaxed, and breathing calmly I keep under control. But my mouth is dry and I wonder if my master has fallen asleep himself and forgotten me. I hang in silence, trying not to panic, trying to hear sound beyond the soundproofed room. If I scream he will not hear me. So I hang there and will myself to be calm and trust my master. If I drift off again, I am not aware of it, there is no way to know how much time has passed, and by the time I hear the door open, I am lost in a red sea of dull pain that centers on my cunt lips and seems to tug from there

to my nipples. From the darkened doorway my Master commands,

“Close your eyes” of course I obey and behind my lids I’m aware of the dim lights being switched on. My masters’ footsteps sound swiftly to my side and I feel a mask being tied around my eyes. I am to stay in darkness then. I open my eyes behind the mask but no light shows around it at all, the lights might still be out. I feel a straw put to my lips and I sip, slowly but eagerly at the cool water that soothes my throat. Slowly my master releases each of my limbs and I realize, I have been hanging a long time, as it takes a few minutes before I can feel my extremities return to normal, I huddle on the floor until my legs will bear me, with so much sensation elsewhere I had almost lost the feel of the butt plug, but now, it is felt again, and uncomfortable it is too. But having released me my Master shows no sign of releasing any of the little tortures attached to my body. He is abusing me and praising me at the same time, as I have been a good slave and borne my punishment well, he will let me join him in the living room a while, to sit on cushions, some comfort, though I must have more adornments, have I forgotten the box full of toys, and I have to bear them all before this day is out? First I am lifted, and each movement jerks a clamp and shoots pain

through me, I fight not to cry out as I know this will annoy him. But I sob a little, I cannot help it and receive a sharp whiplash on my buttock, which of course make me jump and all my tortures are emphasized, I cannot help but cry out again my master laughs, and slaps me again, this time with his hand, letting it linger over his handiwork on my buttock, I am disorientated and in pain and do not know what is coming next as he pushes me and guides me around the room. There are several pieces of equipment we have not used yet and I feel my backside against the padded leather of the examination table. This is a real doctors table, with stirrups attached, and once again I am lifted and lie back and feel my legs elevated and strapped into the stirrups. My break is not to be yet it seems. My arms are left free and I massage my breasts, as I am not reprimanded I guess my master enjoys the sight. My breasts feel bruised and the nipples are painful so I carefully avoid them, I must not remove the clamps myself, and I worry I may be tempted. As I lie back, my head falls back over the edge of the table so it is upside down, and I lie, quietly, awaiting my master’s pleasure. A cool cloth is applied to my cunt and I moan at the exquisite pain and pleasure that

explodes at the touch. I moan and I don’t know if I protest or want more, my lips throb around the clamps and the cloth drips cool water over red hot flesh. There must still be flesh in need of adornment for I feel the hardness of metal dangle against my thigh and an additional tightness tells me that more clamps with weights have been attached. Metal rattles again and more tightness, surely all my lips must be clamped by now, more weight against the front of my lips suggests more weights have been added to my rings, they will stretch when I stand, and the weights will hang down to swing against my thighs. I feel the leather straps loosen, and the butt plug removed. More lubricant is added and the next one is introduced, considerable bigger than the previous one, it takes some maneuvering before my arse relaxes enough to take it all, but my master is patient and will not consider defeat, after all this is only the third of seven, I must be stretched, and stretch I will.

It is hard to know which part of my body has the most sensations, my ass is not in pain but it is filled and I am totally aware of the intrusion. My cunt is heavy with metal and my juices are flowing freely though I am proud that I have managed not to come, though I know that it will not take much but my Master has been careful up until now to not touch my clit, as he knows that would take me over the edge.



As my master has stopped talking to me and I cannot feel his hands on me anywhere, I start to rise, I should know better, he pushes me back down and as my head tilts back over the edge, I feel his engorged penis nudging against my cheek, and I know, I am not going to be seeing any comfort yet! I take the swollen cock into my mouth and begin to suck and lick, as my arms are not bound, I reach up to caress his balls then take each of the soft globes in my mouth and caress his cock with my hands, and work back and forth until I feel he is near as he pulls out of my mouth, ready to spurt over my face and breasts, I feel a ball of cotton pushed into my nose and I inhale deeply and almost straight away feel my own orgasm swell up and explode through my tortured lips. I scream and thrash about and my master shoot his come over my chest, massaging the sticky juice into my skin as my orgasm washes in waves over me, I am almost senseless for endless moments and for a while neither of us speaks. After a while my feet are released and slowly I come upright and try to stand. My legs are shaking with the aftermath of my orgasm and my cunt is too tortured for me to close my legs. “Can you stand?” my Master demands.

"I don't think I can master" I whisper, my mouth is dry but I know that soon, I will be given some comfort, but no relief from torture.

"Then you must crawl" he sneers. I sink, gratefully to my knees, it will be still uncomfortable but at least I can keep my legs apart. My ass in the air too which suits my master fine, presented proudly showing my bruises and the sight of the butt plug stretching my bum hole will be swelling his cock soon again, I know. A leash is clipped on to my collar and a tug on it lets me know which direction I must follow. I feel the hard wood of the Chamber give onto the wool of the carpet. The leash tugs further and I feel cushions scattered in front of the fire, I can feel the heat from it on my face. The heap of cushions is to be my nest, it seems and my master sits behind me, using the riding crop to direct me, a combination of sharp taps and using it to force me round, I am eventually seated to his satisfaction, I am able to ease the pressure on the clamps a little but the butt plug is forced deeper in to me as I sit back on my bruised buttocks, but the cushions are soft and I relax back.

"Are you thirsty?" my master asks eventually, I nod. "Then put your head down by my feet", I rearrange myself so that I kneel with my face by his feet and he puts his hand on the back of my neck to direct my face to a bowl, I dip down into it, not sure what I will find, warm liquid greets my lips, and I lap the tea thankfully, my mouth is so dry, it does not bother me at all that I have to lap like a cat or a dog, I am so grateful that my master is so considerate. He has also made me some toast which I am allowed to eat with my hands though any drink I want must be taken from the bowl.

As I drink, head down, butt up, he amuses himself by flicking the crop, almost playfully, though many blows are sharp and painful I am in that glorious state now, where the pain is like a drug, making me euphoric and I feel almost like I am detached from my body, though I feel everything, the pain and pleasure are almost one and I hover on the edge of orgasm, just waiting for my master to allow me to flood over. It matters not to me how long he keeps me in this state, and there is no doubt we will delve deeper in before my body reaches the point where it can take no more. After I have eaten, my master allows me to curl up on the cushions at his feet, and I drift in and out of consciousness for a while. I am aware that my master leaves the room at various times but I still cannot see and have been given no orders, so I languish on my cushions fighting the urges to play with my clitoris. My master notices my activity at

one point and a sharp swipe on the hand, brings me to order. The next thing I know my hands are clipped together by my wrist cuffs and the cuffs fastened to my collar. This is awkward and means an end to my comfortable hour. It also annoys my master and rightly so, I should know better. I am ordered to kneel facing away from him, in this position it is difficult and I receive many sharp raps with the whip as I struggle painfully to move myself around on the cushions, which now are an encumbrance. Eventually I am arranged once more to his satisfaction, with my face buried into a cushion with my hands clenched under my chin. It seems my arse is not stretched enough and I feel once more the arrangements for the butt plug to be changed. The last one had been more uncomfortable, it could only get worse and I remember seeing the biggest, as I am about to have

the fourth, more than half way, I expect this to get painful. My master spends time massaging my arse, rubbing in plenty of lubricant and I wish once more that he would use me himself there first, but after some minutes massage, during which he penetrates me with several fingers, twisting them inside me, stretching me and thrusting more lubricant into me, it was cool and jellylike and I pushed my butt onto his

hand, my orgasm was going to erupt any moment but then he pulls his hand suddenly away and I gasp, hold my breath waiting. After long seconds, as my breath is about to explode, I feel the plug at the entrance to my still tight hole. I let out my breath in a long sigh as the plug is pushed into me, as I expect as it widens my arse resists, despite my relaxed state and my master has to work it in and out a few times pushing it in a little further with each thrust and stretching my sphincter until with a grunt of effort from him and a squeal of protest from myself, the plug forces into my arse hole and then settles into position as my muscles fit snug around it. This one will be more difficult to wear, but still the feeling of fullness is erotic rather than painful and my cunt pulses in sympathy with my butt muscles and I feel dangerously close once more to an orgasm, in fact the pulsing of my cunt releases juices and a long moan escapes my lips and my body convulses, I cannot stop myself. I expect, through the waves of pleasure that engulf me to hear a shout of reproof, and to feel at least a slap from my master, but he must be enjoying the sight of my squirming as for he is silent and still, and it is a while before I can control myself, and I reassume the position I was in before my orgasm overtook me. Face buried in the cushion and bottom high. My master's voice when he speaks



is slightly husky and I know he has indeed enjoyed the last few minutes too.

"You are a dirty Slut of a slave" he murmurs, "I punish you and you enjoy it!" he tries to sound annoyed "What am I to do with you?" I say nothing and keep my face hidden. My orgasm passing, the pain in my labia and in my nipples is surging back. The euphoria blocks out the pain but now I feel every part of me again, that is under torture and my master is well aware of this. Pulling on the leash he pulls me to crawl after him again. Carefully and with more difficulty because of the larger plug, I follow, soundlessly. On all fours I can favour my poor tortured cunt lips and my breasts swing free, heavy with their adornment. I feel the hard wood floor of the chamber beneath my hands and knees. I know the layout of the room well and can tell that I am being back to the X frame, it hangs on the farthest wall but it does not give me a clue as to the next activity as it is handy for so many things. My leash is released and my master pulls me to stand. I am stiff and sore in places so I straighten up carefully but it feels good to stretch my limbs. My master takes my wrists and clips each of my wrist cuffs to the two upper arms of the X. Pulling my legs apart he does the same with my ankles. I struggle as my ankles are secured, my body leans back against the frame and most of my weight rests along the crossing of the beams, strange but comfortable - for now. I am still blindfolded so cannot see my master or judge from his face or actions what is to come. He works slowly, deliberately taking his time to keep me guessing and letting the tension build up as I try to imagine his next move. I can hear the clinking of chains and clips, the sound of more accessories being removed from their home in the box. The sound of leather straps being unbuckled, the clink of metal on leather. My breasts are swollen and feel twice their normal size and I am surprised that when my master touches them his touch is quite gentle and the pain is muted to a deep sensuous heat, with pin pricks of sensation prickling my nipples which feel like walnuts sized nubs of pain suspended in the air. My master is wrapping something around my breasts and I feel a tightness as first my left then my right globe is constricted, I would not have believed it possible the sensation, it feels like they have been clamped into two vices, my nipples explode and I scream, but it is not the end. It feels like teeth are biting into the under side of each breast and behind my blind fold my eyes water and I am soon sobbing with pain. Whilst I am coming to terms with this torture, my master is fixing more restraints to my arms, tight straps around my upper arms, my elbows and lower arms. My master now is attaching more weights to my labia and I struggle to bear the pain, is it stronger than that in my breasts? I can no longer tell, my two most sensitive places are burning and weeping, I moan and scream alternately as my master binds more straps around my legs. Ignoring my sobs he fastens straps around my torso, criss

crossing and fastening behind me, I cannot with that part of me that can still think, imagine the purpose. Some new device, I suspect. Having fastened what appears to be the last strap - I feel almost mummified under the weight of them, my blindfold is removed and almost immediately my master, who is behind me, passes a strap around my forehead and pulls my head back against the head rest of the X bar, this is padded so it is not uncomfortable, but I cannot now move my head so although I can now see in the dim light of the dungeon, I cannot move my head from side to side and blinkers attached to the head strap stop me seeing to the side, I can see straight ahead, but this still gives me no clues. My master is out of my vision and now seems to be loosening the straps holding in the butt plug. Working with difficulty because although my legs are spread the angle is awkward he struggles to ease the plug out of me and finally manages it with a twist that makes me squirm against my bindings - which does me no good at all as there is very little give in the straps.

I wait, trying once more to calm my breathing, so skilful is my master that my breathing is not restricted at all, but I know that I have much to take and am beginning to suspect that the biggest ordeal has yet to come so, I try to mentally prepare myself and physically get ready to take whatever is next. The plug is out and my bottom feels strangely empty, and seems to gasp itself, feeling for its filling. The next sensation is totally unexpected as I feel the frame to which I am bound tip forward and I stifle a scream, the tilt is too controlled for it to be falling and my trust in my master is total, I am not scared, just surprised. He has been making alterations without my knowledge. I hear chains creak as they take the weight of the frame, suspension? I cannot speak, my mouth is dry, I am stunned and still fighting to control the many sensations in all parts of my body but amongst them is a thrill of excitement at a new toy. My master is still behind my line of vision by now I can hear him as he grunts with the effort of pulling the frame on its chain to hang at waist height to him. So my view is of the floor and shortly, of his feet. He must have secured the chains somehow as I feel his hands on me again. My bottom is obviously exposed below the crossing of the beams and a welcome sensation of coolness spreads over my cleft as more lubricant is massaged gently but firmly into my arse hole that must be loosening up now - I have lost count of how many plugs I have had in me now five? Six? Oh how I wish I was up to the last one, but then the memory of how brutally large it had looked checked that thought. It has to come sooner or later and I really do not know how much more my body can take. My master is a good judge, I have rarely had to beg to stop, but today he is pushing me. I have always been amazed at how my master knows me better than I know myself, and has always instinctively known of my limitations. Finally I have reached that point where I give myself totally to my

trust in him. Of course physically that has been so since he clipped my wrists to the crossbars. But now I am there mentally and a wave of endorphins rushes through my body and the rush almost triggers my next orgasm. As it is, it just nudges me closer, my master has control over my body now, I will not come again until he tells me or touches me in a way he will know to tip me over the edge. But I will hover in bliss as long as he requires me to. I am his body and orgasm as of this moment. My breathing must have changed, or is he just so in tune with me that he senses the moment, for his touch is gentle and when he speaks his voices almost caresses me too.

"That's it, my slave, my good slave. Open up to me" He kneads my buttocks and I can sense the next butt plug poised ready to be inserted. "You have three more of these to take, I could skip the next two and give you the big one, oh yes, you can take it. But not yet, Stretch you slowly, that's my plan, the effects are so long lasting then, you know?" I can only groan in reply.

"I can't hear you, ask me nicely, my good slave" and he nudges the plug against my hole, but does not push it in, "Beg me!"

"Please Master!" I sigh and though I feel myself pushing my butt towards him, I know I am too constrained for it to be any closer, "Please fill my ass Master" but still he holds back, running a finger around my greased hole, teasing me "Please Master" I beg.

"Because you are a good slave, I will fuck your ass," and he begins to ease it in "I am going to stuff your ass so full you won't be able to move" He pushes it in to the point where the thickness triggers the resistance.

"Relax!" he murmurs, "Open up, come on" I moan and push my ass up further, the plug sinks in a little further.

"Come on, take it." I breath deeply and push again "this plug is almost two inches across and you are almost there, push!"

I sigh and squirm, and as I breathe in again and exhale I feel the thickness of the plug spasm into me and my sphincter tries to close over it in a depraved caress. I sigh with achievement and my master bends to kiss my cheek. He is a kind master and gives me a drink first before he gags me with a thick penis gag that fills my mouth, I slaver involuntarily around the gag, it is like a short fat dick thrust into my mouth and quite realistic feeling, and tasting of rubber. Recovering himself a little, my Master's tones become abusive again, as he moves back to the chain and winches me up to about a 45 degree angle and suspends me about two feet above the ground. I can see most of the room from here, even with the blinkers and my master moves around, arranging a chair so he can watch me, and then he pulls over the

angle poised mirror and adjusts it so I can see myself. Fascinated, I stare at my reflection, I am so trussed I can barely recognize myself. Thick leather straps crisscross my body arms and legs in an almost artistic way, crossing over my breast so that not only are they bound around, but separated. I can now see thin thongs that cut deep into the soft tortured flesh, turning the already bruised skin purple, with engorged blood. The nipples are invisible behind a cluster of metal clamps and clips which have now taken my breast beyond pain and I can view them with a hazy detachment though the thought of the pain when those clamps are removed is enough to send a surge through my clitoris, and I close my eyes briefly against the thought. At this angle also the weights attached to my labia hang down and are very decorative as they hang at different heights against my inner thighs. Some have bells attached and tinkle with every quiver of my body, others just hang, the weight of them has also become a detached sensation, if I think about it and concentrate I can feel them, but I can also will the pain away or at least feel it as pleasure instead. There is pain, and then there is pain. My muscles are beginning to ache and may soon start to cramp and I look at my master and hope that he will judge the time correctly as now I am gagged I cannot beg and my eyes in shadow may not convey my distress. He has made himself comfortable and sits naked in the chair, gazing at me in a distant kind of way, not unkindly and I can tell he is pleased with my conduct so far.

But how long can I bear this, the angle is putting pressure on my constricted breasts and they throb now, the endorphin wave wearing off and a small groan escapes from behind my gag, despite my best efforts. My master stirs at this and uncapping a small bottle in his hand he rises and holds it beneath my nose, closing my nose over it and I inhale deeply. It helps, the amyl-nitrate throbs through my lungs and bolsters my flagging system, and I feel a surge of blood to even my poor tortured cunt. "You would like to come down soon?" My master asks me, teasing for I cannot reply and even if I could answer he could just as well take my answer and use it to punish me, I cannot believe he has finished being cruel just yet, it was just the moment, his show of tenderness a short while ago, he will do that sometimes to lull me into being weak. So I don't respond, but hold his gaze, as he is close to my face and can see me. "Mmm, not ready to give in yet, I see" He smiles, and the cruel glint in his eye proves to me I was right to be wary. We are a long way from finished.

End of Part One.....



Emily Marilyn – exclusif interview





Emily Marilyn

exclusif interview by Jürgen Boedt

Who is Emily Marilyn and why are we doing an interview with her, you might be asking yourselves!? For the last couple of years she has been, like Dita & Persephone, traveling this planet and making pictures with some of the world's top fetish photographers. Being a "bondage model" she decided to go for more. Being such aameleon as she is, she can easily change into the damsel in distress, to a drewling fetish latex dreamgirl. I was struck by her presence, her love for latex and her simplicity. I wanted to know more.... so we met in Christophe Mourthé's studio in Paris and asked her some questions.....

Secret Magazine: Emily Marilyn is probably a pseudo. What is your real name and where do you come from?

Emily Marilyn: I was born Emily Marilyn (my true first and middle name) on November 15th in sunny Southern California where I was raised. At a very early age my obsession with all things deviant began to unfold thanks to my vivid and vast imagination. Before I even understood what the act of sex really was, I knew there was something different about the way I viewed certain objects and materials. While other children complained about having to wash the dishes I was ecstatic, since doing so meant slipping on the bright yellow rubber gloves! An incredible sensation would overcome my whole body every time. I would sneak into my mother's wardrobe, slip on her stockings and high heels and admire myself in front of a mirror. I visualised myself years down the road as a total vixen! Wonder Woman became my uttermost fixation. I drooled over her sexy boots, cinched waist, and dominant attitude - losing myself in fantasyland as I placed myself under her heel. All of these before I was even a pre-teen! As I entered my teens it came to my attention that you could actually wear the lush material I'd been covering my hands to wash dishes with. I then discovered masturbation, fetishism (finally I knew what I was! A fetishist!), fetish publications (there were others like me!), S/M (uncovered my masochistic side), high fashion magazines (long lean women in gorgeous couture!), and at the age of 13 I bought my first latex dress. Going through high school I couldn't keep my interests a secret. Blatantly I showed off all that I was obsessed with: wearing patent-leather thigh boots, rubber mini-skirts, PVC dresses to all my classes. I always tried my best to concentrate in school but sex, fashion, dance clubs, the world and what it had to offer was constantly revolving through my mind. I was a frustrated girl, too young to do anything I dreamt of. Full of energy, passion, and curiosity I graduated high school and moved to Asia where I then stayed for 4 years. My experience in Japan was basically my college education. I dove into the world of eccentric Tokyo fashion, S/M sex

clubs, bizarre fetish parties, themed "love hotels", photography of Araki, the twisted music of Hide, and Sniper Magazine. I was in heaven!

Secret Magazine: In your story you state "when meeting me you would think I am shy, but once in front of the lens I go crazy"... are you exhibitionist or just lenscrazy... and why? What do you feel and what is your goal?

Emily Marilyn: We all have different aspects of ourselves that shine through at certain times. None of my neighbours would have any idea that the normal looking girl who picks up her mail in jeans and sneakers has a collection of 200 (+) high heels aligning her black and hot pink basement walls. They would die at the sight of all my sadomasochistic toys (gags, restraints, hoods, etc...)!! Let alone my fabulous collection of custom made corsets by Dark Garden, fine French lingerie, boots that end at my bum, and you can't forget my never ending latex collection mostly consisting of custom designs by Laura at Vex Clothing. Once dolled up in hot, sexy fashion to play or model I transform into a different woman. The shy and introverted Emily morphs into a fetish

sex kitten. Am I an exhibitionist? Absolutely! My goal? To make you throb when looking at my photos.

Secret Magazine: You have bondage and spanking pictures... but most are latex fetish pictures. Do you like to get spanked and why? What is your favourite thing?

Emily Marilyn: Power control is definitely a turn on and has even been a lifestyle during periods of my life. Not only do I enjoy the sensations dressing for sex has to offer but handing over my mind and body to a trusted one just adds more excitement to the equation. A nice firm slap on my bottom always puts me in place. Combining my fabulous wardrobe with psycho-dramatic scenes where my lover and I create different characters and scenarios has been my favourite and most recent venture.



Secret Magazine: Can you tell me the story about the tattoo above your sex?

Emily Marilyn: I was young and didn't have my future in mind.

Secret Magazine: When going public dressed up in latex never cause any problems?

Emily Marilyn: Problems? No. More like a rush of adrenaline and raging excitement knowing that all eyes are on me and that the seductive, shiny material is grasping onto every curve of my body! You must be prepared to accept the attention and have the confidence to get away with it! I do enjoy wearing second skin latex in the middle of a bustling city, surprising everyone who comes across me. One of my fantasies, which I have never fulfilled, is to roam the streets of Shibuya-ku or Harajuku in Tokyo covered in head to toe rubber. What a rush that would be!

Secret Magazine: Your music is psychobilly, why?

Emily Marilyn: The deep beat of double bass, crazy demented lyrics, creative and colourful hairstyles, melodies I can't clear my mind of. Psychobilly is the ultimate musical experience (for me). I attend many of the festivals across the States and in Europe and get off on dancing to the seductive beats in my sultry rubber gear! I am a dedicated fan to bands such as Nekromantix, Mad Sin, Os Catelepticos, Frantic Flinstones, Graveyard Shift, Demented Are Go, and Lobo Negro.



Secret Magazine: DO you have another hobbies than travelling and fetish?

Emily Marilyn: Is there anything other than travelling the world, listening to psychobilly, and getting all dolled up in kinky clothing? Mmmm... other than studying the Japanese language, which will keep me busy the rest of my life, my biggest and most important hobby is my career, meeting and collaborating with exceptional artists and designers. Expressing the passion that burns from within, capturing it on film in hopes of inspiring others. A moment in time forever preserved.

Secret Magazine: Do you have a boyfriend... and is he into fetish too...?

Emily Marilyn: I am not in a serious relationship nor am I looking for one. I am having way too much fun! I have related to all my lovers on some level with fetishism or power control whether a woman I submit to or a man I dress up for (or with). I am much too creative, imaginative, and perverted to put up with a vanilla sex life!

Secret Magazine: You are known for your bondage and spanking pictures but you decide to go more into the fetish, latex road. Can you tell me why you decide this?

Emily Marilyn: During the year of 2002 I went through a lot of changes and decision making. I had been a "bondage model" for some time and started to feel boxed in like an actor finds himself type cast. I was in desperate

need of branching out and expressing myself in other ways. I craved to experience different forms of my interests, both sexually and artistically. Soon after I reinvented myself I was hired by master film director of erotica, Andrew Blake, whom I dreamt of working with when I was younger. Andrew Blake's vision coincides perfectly with my own. Beautiful architecture, high fashion, gorgeous women. I was finally a Blake girl, appearing as though I had just stepped out of a Helmut Newton photo or Italian Vogue Magazine!

Bondage will always be an intense passion, for I truly feel at one with myself when tightly bound. Strict bondage tests my self-discipline, expands my mind, takes me away from reality as I soar through the clouds. Ultimately I yearn to create memorable images combining high fashion styling with fetish attire and shibari-esque bondage.

Secret Magazine: Who do you admire or is your idol?

Emily Marilyn: I admire the photographic vision of Andrew Blake, Christophe Mourthé, Helmut Newton, David LaChapelle, and Richard Avedon. Ubermodel Linda Evangelista I am crazy about! Her chameleon-like looks have inspired me endlessly for years and years. Back in the early 90's Gianni Versace, Thierry Mugler, and Jean Paul Gaultier took the fashion world by storm incorporating bondage, latex, tattoos and piercing into their clothing line. I will never forget these

three designers. They were a driving force in my imagination during my early teen years.

Secret Magazine: If you had a million dollars, what would you do with them?

Emily Marilyn: I would move Dark Garden and Vex Clothing (I might need a few million more for both), into my basement.

Secret Magazine: You cannot live of "fetish modeling" forever... what will you do after this?

Emily Marilyn: I do not have set plans as of yet but I am willing and eager to see where life takes me. I know I will be strutting around in rubber and experiencing strict bondage years and years down the road!

Secret Magazine: What is your ultimate-dream-come-true?

Emily Marilyn: To sit back in my old age content that I achieved all that I possibly could.

Thank you Emily.

Jürgen Boedt

www.EmilyMarilyn.com
all pictures in the following pages are Emily Marilyn



















WILD SUCCESS?

Nick De Marco from Fulcrum photo called SECRET a "wild success"... and I returned his email stating I wasn't that big nor successful. This is his answer... I was so impressed by his way of vision about SECRET I just wanted to have it in print... forever....

So fully realizing (and disregarding) that I'm in the dual awkward position of having just made your acquaintance and that I'm hoping to show work in your book, I'll just say what I thought when I went through Secret 22 (got it, btw, thanks) and I'm not just blowing sunshine at you. Basically, I'm flat-out *impressed*. Regardless of the commercial success in relation to the other industry mags, I consider Secret to be the one that brings it off the best in terms of what I appreciate in fetish...consistently presenting artists/photographers and work that define the higher end of the range, with a fairly unified and cohesive aesthetic. I'm pretty much always pleasantly surprised by what I find between the covers (not quite the same experience I have with the other industry mags, with all due respect to them), and it seems to me that what you focus on presenting and what I'm looking for have more congruence.



© Nick de Marco - Fulcrum Photo

For instance, from flipping through past issues, I can tell you that I got exposed to all of these artists through Secret:
Secret 15 - Dirk Westphal, Delvalle, Karo
Secret 17 - Stephan de Lay, Karen Lindsay Harris, Phillip

Pissier

Secret 18 - Grutz Tillman, Riccardo Vezzosi

Secret 19 - Victor (of LightWorship), Andrew Dunbar,

Tsubassa, Martin Pelzer

Secret 20 - Master K, James McEntee

Secret 21 - Jeff Pittarelli, Gaetan Caputo, John Gillan, Asakawa

Secret 22 - Alwyn R. Coates, Scott Lanes, Alfred Neil, Ray Leaning, Nigel Holmes

Bijoux Intimes 3 - Jacques Leurquin

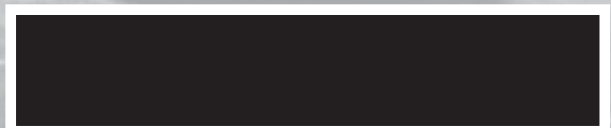
...and though I'd seen work by many of the others you've shown (Sandra Jensen, Christophe Mourthe, Robert Chouraqui, Housk Randall-Goddard, Trevor Watson, Dave Naz, Tony Ward, Fakir Musafar, Gilles Berquet, Craig Morey, Roman Kasperski, Max Pritt, Franco Saudelli, Bob Carlos Clarke, Jim Weathers, Christine Kessler, Steven Diet Goedde...

...I'm more likely to find a new artist/photographer (not to mention writers) or work I haven't seen by an artist I know of in Secret than any of the others (which is also part of the reason we jumped at the chance to first be put into print by Secret).

So, for what it's worth, I love what you do. But more importantly, I love the fact that you get to do something you're interested in, for the love of doing it, on your own terms, and make a living at it. What's more, it is that both you and your wife are working on something that interests/tickles you (I presume in the case of your wife, but I think I'm pretty safe there), you have several well-adjusted kids, and people all over the world know you from the strength of your work.....so that sounds a lot like "wild success" to me. I mean, what more could anyone want? Well, other than buckets and buckets of cash (but that's probably what would be called "wildly successful" and that's a totally different story, certainly with its own problems)...

So I'd call what you've got going on a "wild" (because it seems like it certainly can be) "success" (because it's pretty much plain to me that's what it is) ...and you're stuck with it. We should all be as lucky to be slaves to our own creations that are that much fun, and be happy because of it. ;)

Nick De Marco - Fulcrum Photo



Max Pritt





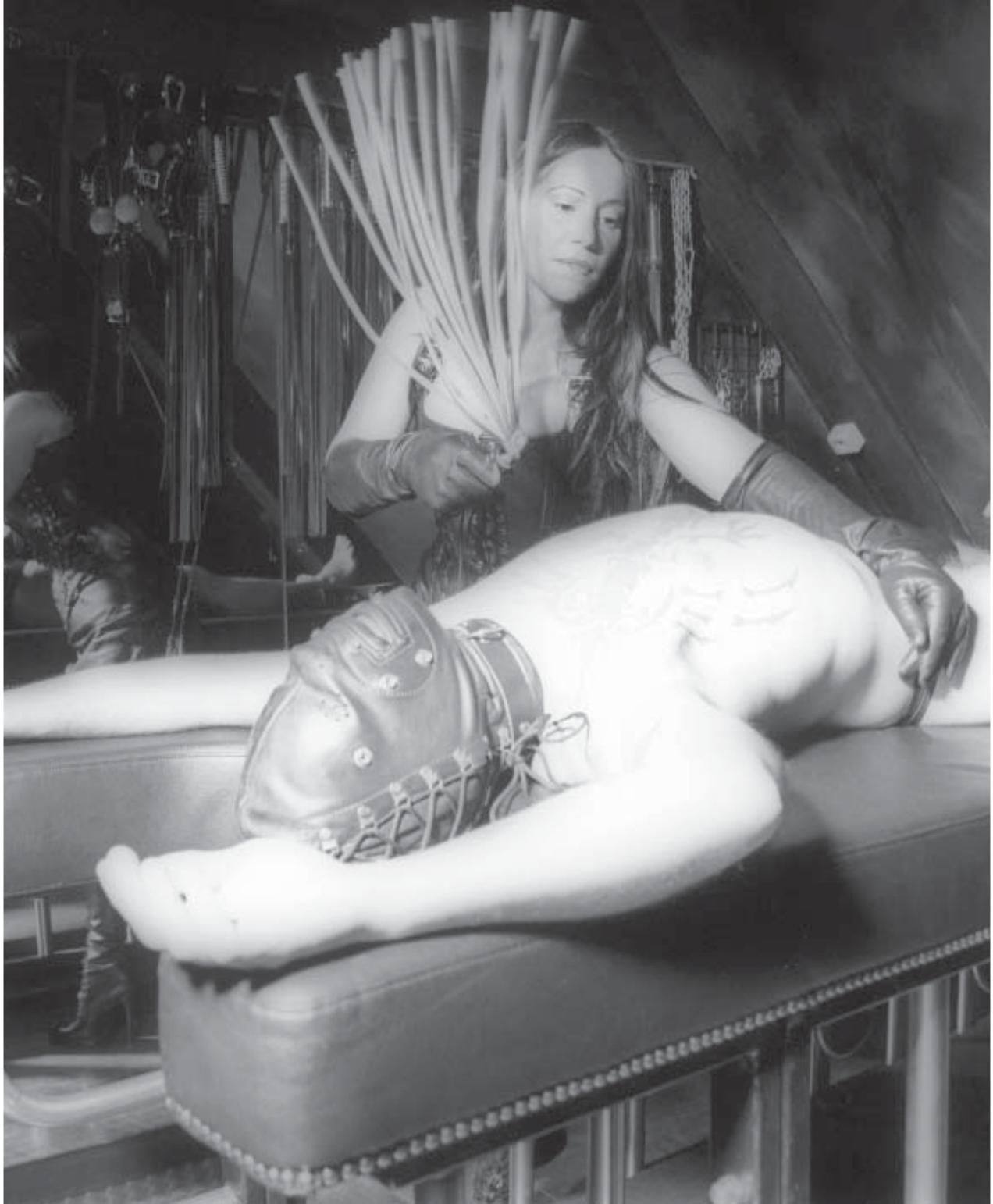
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Domina Kyria





Secret: When did you feel that you were born to be a Domina?

Domina Kyria: Black leather trousers have been my favourite clothes from the days I was a school girl. I founded a school gang, and later joined the bikers. I always knew I was a natural leader. I always got what I wanted - and so it soon became obvious to me that I am a born Domina.

Secret: You are a very remarkable woman. Do you dress up when you go out too?

Domina Kyria: When I go out I'm wearing leather most of the time. Elegant-discreet leather, of course.

Secret: What are your specialities and what do you prefer yourself and why?

The psychological part. When a slave gets dependent on me and I have the power over him, that's a very good feeling.

Secret: Do you accept beginners and how do you start your domination with them?

Domina Kyria: I am going slowly at first. There shouldn't be a shock. That's where the psychological part comes in.

Secret: You are known to be very cruel. Do you get

personal satisfaction when you dominate a man?

Domina Kyria: I am strict when I have to be. I don't have a standard programme, and I don't take notes. Everyone is different. When I meet a slave, I find out how he can serve me. And when he does serve me, devotedly, that's my personal satisfaction.

Secret: What kind of music do you listen and what are your hobby's?

Domina Kyria: At the moment I am mostly listening to House music, but sometimes I like classical music, too. My hobbies are riding my motorbike, jazz dance & travelling.

Secret: A domination session is sometimes very demanding and exhausting. How do you relax after?

Domina Kyria: With certain meditation exercises.

Secret: Do you have any personal fantasies or a fetish?

Domina Kyria: I think I can honestly say I am a shoe fetishist. I own 6.000 pairs of shoes and boots, and I am a leather fetishist. I have five closets full of leather clothes, all in black.

Secret: The world of Domination has changed a lot these last ten years. Do you think it's better now than



before? Why?

Domina Kyria: For the worse, definitely. BSM has become a commercial business with lots of mock Dominas about without any true inclinations. That's the reason why there are many envious persons copying me, telling lies about me. I am a Domina; and I have been a Domina since I felt this inclination in my youth.

Secret: One of the more commun ideas in BDSM is that a good Domina must also know how to be submissive. Do you agree?

Domina Kyria: No, I can't agree with this. When you are truly dominant you don't play with such thoughts. For me only mock Dominas and switchers, who don't know where they belong, do this.

Secret: Do you prefer leather more than rubber?

Domina Kyria: I wouldn't say I don't like rubber; I own quite a selection of it. But leather is simply more ideal for the structure of my personality.

Secret: If you had a million dollars, what would you do with it?

Domina Kyria: I am afraid this would hardly be enough to fulfil my dreams. Just at the moment I am on my way

to realize my great desire. I only have to find a like-minded partner to join it. An estate in the South of Spain; some kind of smaller OWK.

Secret: What is the meaning of the Japanese tattoo's on your chest?

Domina Kyria: The tattoo, that's the 5 elements. I have dealt with this culture for some time, and it really fascinates me.

Secret: Is domination something you do in your personal life with your partner?

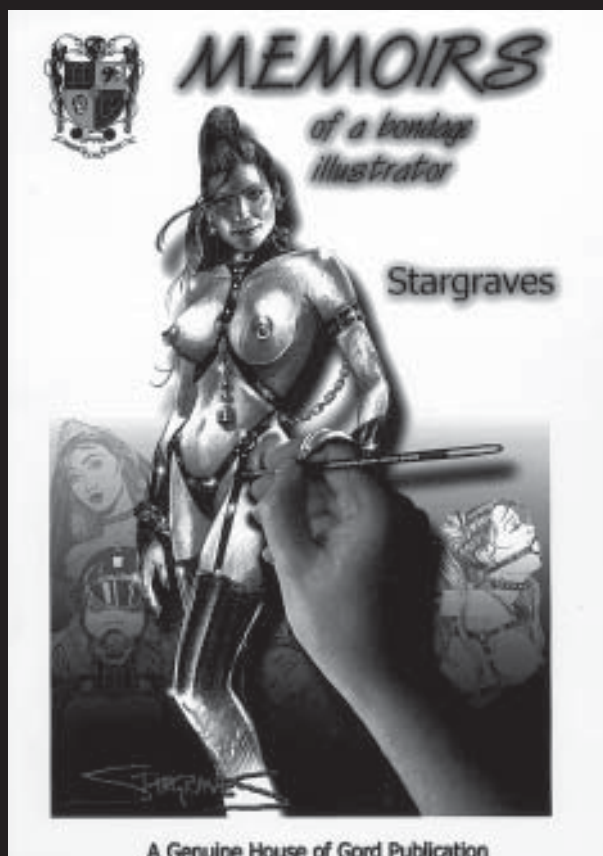
Domina Kyria: Since I never came to know anyone else because of my inclination, I'd say yes. But in a somewhat different form.

Thank you for your time.

Jürgen Boedt
editor



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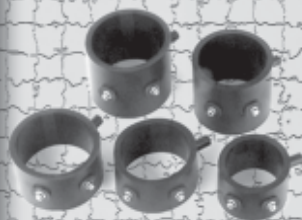
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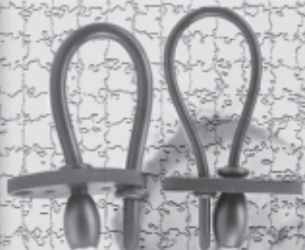


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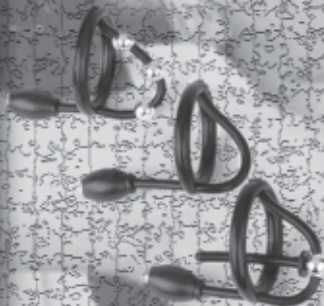
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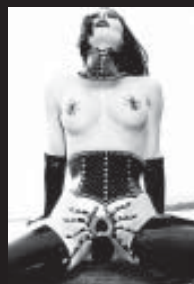
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Books from SECRET!

Black Factory
Sandra Jensen

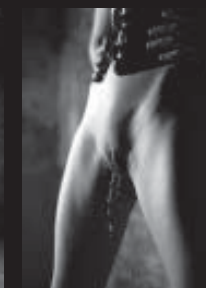


Black Factory - pictures by Sandra Jensen. A discovery by Secret and now finally her book. Lives in Oslo, was a model herself before turning to photography, does the styling, hair and sometimes the make-up. Builds the sets and even designs and makes the clothing. This is her first book, over 100 pages, with dazzling B/W pictures mingled with poetry. A must. Order it now, as it will be a limited 1000 edition. Price: 35 euro/ 35Us\$ (*)

Del Valle

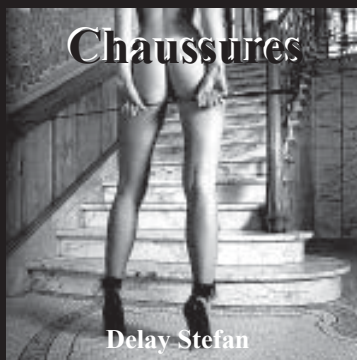


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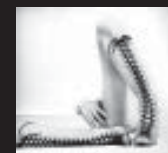
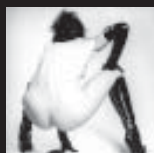


Del Valle Photographies: The world of Del Valle is filled with gorgeous girls who love to expose themselves and let themselves go, all of this in front of his lens. This 1000 limited, hardcover book will probably be sold out before it will hit the bookstores, so order your copy now, or regret it later. Available spring 2002 - Price: 35 euro/ 35Us\$ (*)

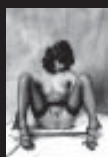
Chaussures



Delay Stefan



Chaussures - pictures by Delay Stefan: author of our issue 17 cover, he has now shot our new shoe and boots catalogue. Announced as Stiletto, we changed the name into "Chaussures". For all lovers of excellent B/W pictures and high heel, this hardcover book/catalogue will be the pearl in your collection. All shoes are available in the Boutique Minuit store, or by mail and soon online. This is the best book I have ever made. Available spring 2001. Price: 17.5 euro/15US\$ (*)



EXTREME - Photo Anthology of Extreme lifestyles: this is the book other publishers didn't dare to publish. It's the Anthology of the most extreme photos top fetish photographers have taken. It's perfect bound, hardcover and limited at 1000 handnumbered books. If you don't have your copy yet, it's time to order. Price: 50 euro/£35/ 60 us\$. Available immediatly (* = postage included !!!)

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My life in latex - Manual for Slave part 3 - Elegance of Victorian corsets - Interview with JG.Leathers & Gilles Berquet - 128 basic slaverules - Crucifixion - Pictures by Tom Porta - VICTOR - Steve Diet Goedde - Gary & Pierre Silva - Christophe Mourthé - Forset Black & Amelia G. Price: 15• / 15us\$



Fetish News - Hook Torture - 128 Basic Slave rules - Corsetting Men - Slave Manual part 4 - Exclusive interview with Dita - Where to Whip? - Bondage Toys - Photos by Karo - Delvalle - Justice Howard - Robert Chouraqui - Christophe Mourthé - Fetish Art by Steel & Dirk Westphal - Price: 15• / 15us\$



Self Restraint by Jim Stewart - Art by Duncan Gutteridge - The Slave Manual part 4 - Interview with artist Michael Manning - Bondage: The Hogtie position - S&M is a Sophisticated Game - Photos by Del Valle - John Dietrich - Housk Randall - Fetish Art - Trevor Baker - Men in Corsets? - Michelle felt the Clamps - Price: 15• / 15us\$



Interview with Fetish Diva Midori - Betty Page - Rubber Submission - Art by Michael Manning - I've messed Myself Again - Metalwear by Kurt Veith - My First S&M experience - Photos by Lyn Gaza - Lex Paris - Stefan De lay - Sandra Jensen - Philippe Pissier - Christophe Mourthé - Karen Lindsey Harris - Price: 15• / 15us\$



The Art of Japanese Bondage - Breath Control - Prostate stimulator Electrode - Requested extreme Bondage by JG-leathers - Encased in her sexual fluids - Photos by Riccardo Vezzosi - Christophe Mourthé - Roman Kasperski - Doralba Picerno - Price: 15• / 15us\$



Bed, Breakfast & Bondage - Interview with Mistress Persephone - Electro Erotic stimulation - Art by Antonio Biella & Tsubasa - Foot & Shoe Fetishism - Pictures by VICTOR - Dave Naz - Lee Higgs - Andrew Dunbar Price: 15• / 15us\$



The Smoking Fetish - I wear Rubber knickers - Piercing Fantasy - Spanking with hairbrush - Gazmasks, care & protection - The Art of Shibari by Master "K" - Pictures by Max Pritt - Craig Morey - Martin Pelzer - Matt Rand - Roman Kasperski - Price: 15• / 15us\$



Bondage CD - Asia Bondage - Interview Mistress Sang - Bedroom Etiquette - My inflamed Nipples - Kinbuku by Doc D. Vice - Extreme rubber Bondage with JG - Leathers - Pictures by GAëtan Caputo - John Gillan - Fakir Musafar - Asakawa - Price: 15• / 15us\$



Heavy into Rubber - Portfolio of Dita - Interview Steve Diet Goedde plus pictures - Art by Ray Leaning & Neil - Captured, enslaved & trained - Shooting Sex by Bob Carlos Clarke - The Elements of S&M - Photos by Christine Kessler - Alwyn R. Coates - Price: 15• / 15us\$



Discover the wonderful fetish world of the worlds top fetish photographers. We recovered only 60 copies from our distributors. Hardback with 260 pages in B/W. Collectors item. Price: 50 • / 50us\$

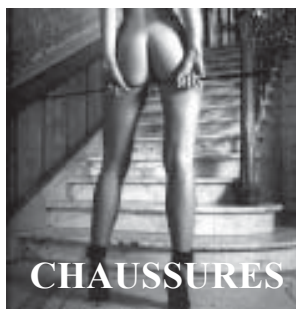


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Photo Anthology of Extreme lifestyles. An Anthology of contemporary art photographers exposing aspects of S&M that go beyond the more fetish limits. Not for the faint of heart. You may be offended. Hardback with 260 pages in B/W. Collectors item. Price: 60 • / 60us\$

MAGAZINES & BOOKS AVAILABLE FROM SECRET



Chaussures - pictures by Stefan De Lay is an artbook exclusively on high heels, stockings and legs. Long legs! Hardback with heavy matart paper. It is also a high heel catalogue with a special pricelist for the shoes shown in the book that may be bought in the fetish store Boutique MINUIT in Brussels. Price: 15 • / 15us\$



Femmes Fatales - pictures by Christophe Mourthé. Hardback with colour cover. It will show you the most beautiful girls showing you all the rubber, leather and bondage that is available from the fetish topstore boutique Minuit in Brussels. Price: 15 • / 15us\$



Delicious - Pictures by Gary & Pierre Silva - A brand new book with the most outrageous pictures from the USA fetish scene. A hardcover, perfectbound book where you can find images from the best dungeons, private parties, famous Mistress, stars models like Dita & Emily Marilyn. A true landmark where the photographers show you the reality in a very glorious but dark way. Their work has been published in several other Anthologies and numerous expositions have been held in the USA and Europe. Limited 1000 hardcover book. Price: 35 euro/ 35us\$



Black Factory - pictures by Sandra Jensen - she covers a wide range of photographic subjects from fetish to portraiture to fashion, but always very dark, Gothic illustrated with poems and drawings. Obsessed by the strange, the beautiful and the bizarre, she has gathered her best pictures, poems and drawings in this exceptional hardcover book. In striking black and white you will discover her underground world ranging from fashion, portraits, fetish, and much, much more... If you are a regular reader of SECRET you will have noticed several portfolio's of this talented photographer. Limited 1000 hardcover book. Price: 35•/35 us\$

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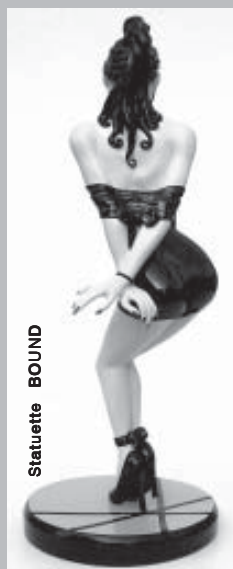
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